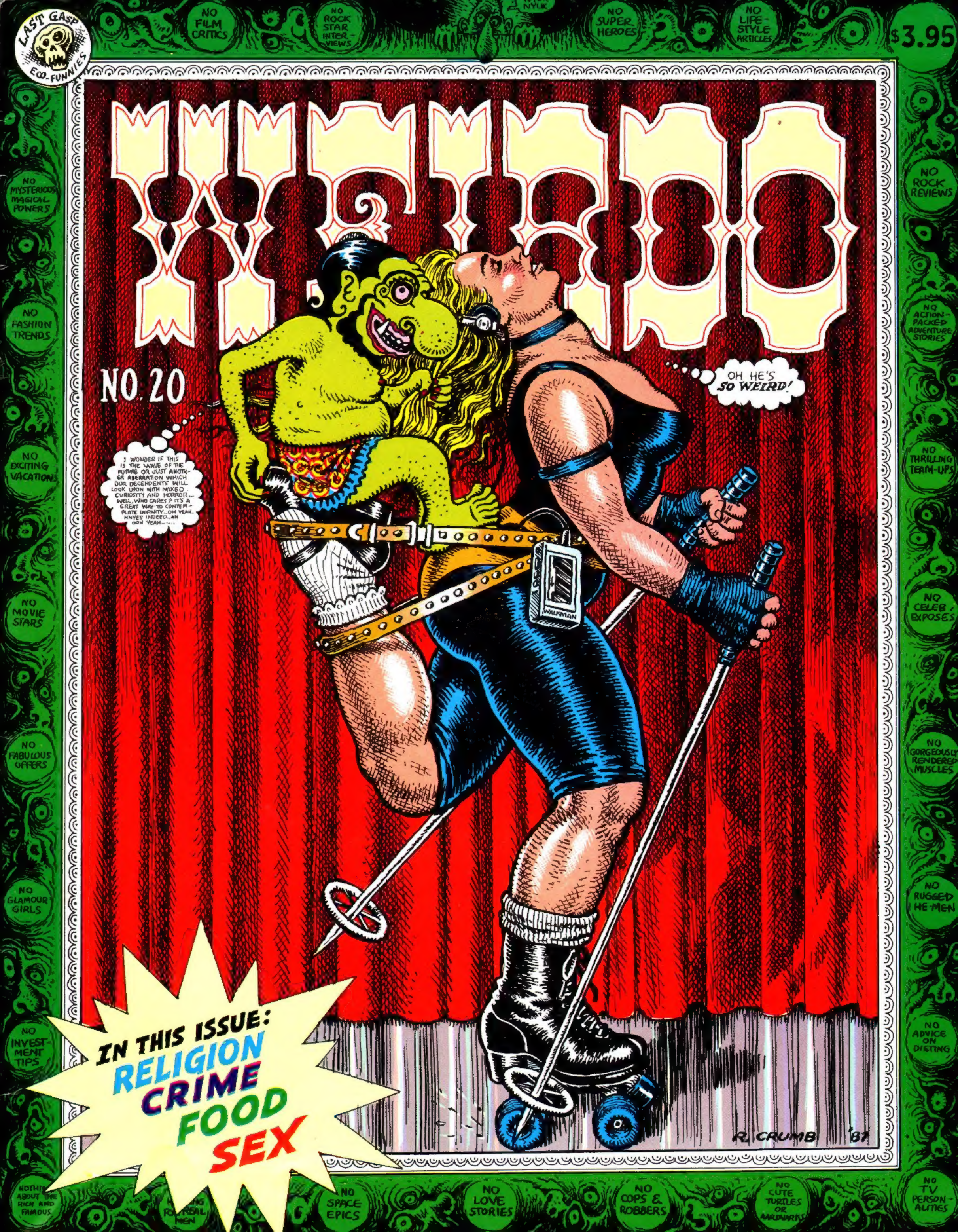
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
NO FILM CRITICS
NO ROCK STAR INTERVIEWS
NO SUPER HEROES
NO LIFE-STYLE ARTICLES
$3.95
WEIRDO
NO. 20
OH HE'S SO WEIRD!
I WONDER IF THIS IS THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE OR JUST ANOTHER ABERRATION WHICH OUR DECENDENTS WILL LOOK UPON WITH MIXED CURIOSITY AND HORROR... WELL, WHO CARES? IT'S A GREAT WAY TO CONTEMPLATE INFINITY...OH YEAH. HNYES INDEED...AH OOH YEAH.....
WALKMAN
NO MYSTERIOUS MAGICAL POWERS
NO FASHION TRENDS
NO EXCITING VACATIONS
NO MOVIE STARS
NO FABULOUS OFFERS
NO GLAMOUR GIRLS
NO INVESTMENT TIPS
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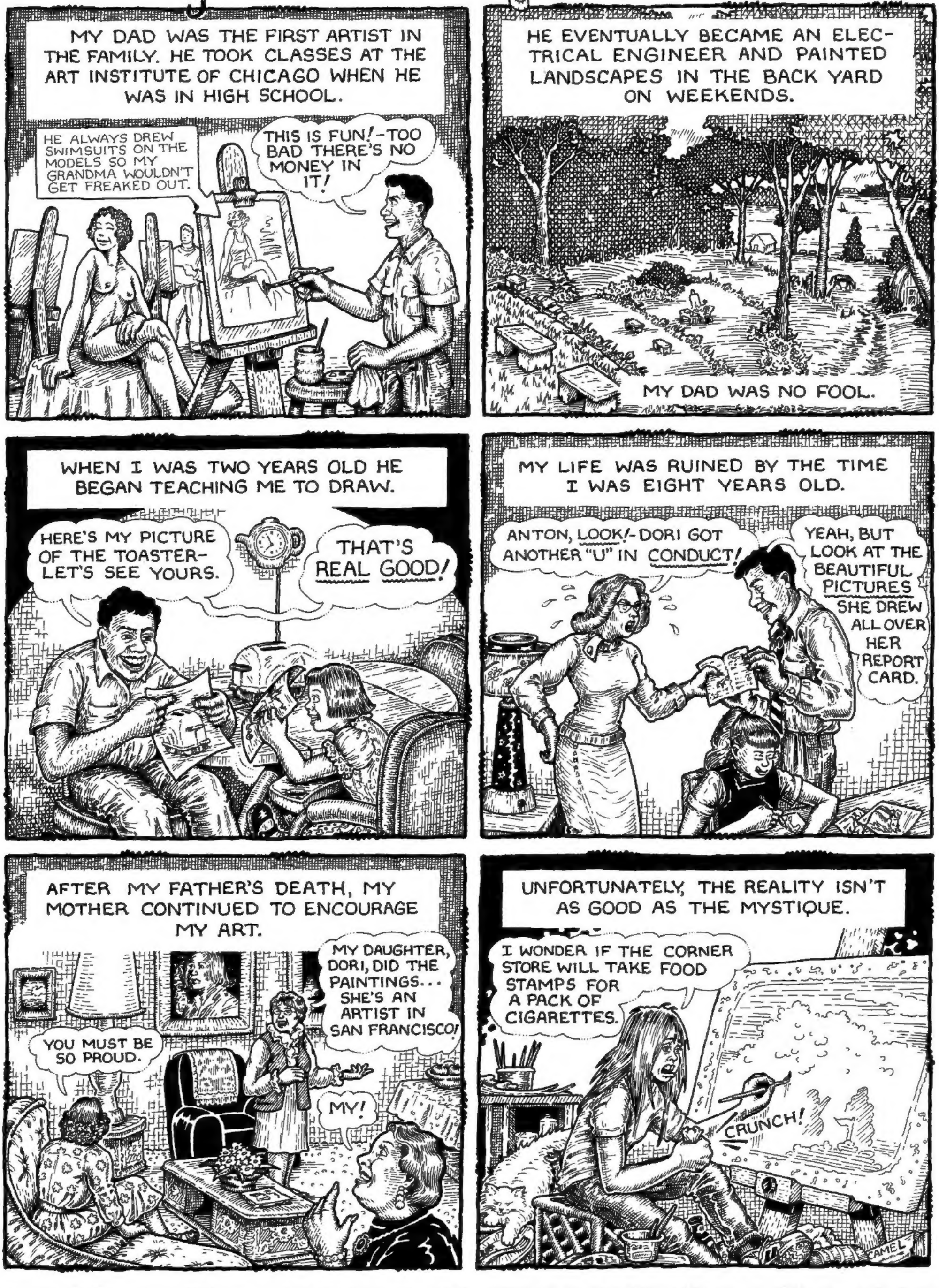
NO THRILLING TEAM-UPS
NO CELEB EXPOSES
NO GORGEOUSLY RENDERED MUSCLES
NO RUGGED HE-MEN
NO ADVICE ON DIETING
IN THIS ISSUE: RELIGION CRIME FOOD SEX
R. CRUMB '87
NOTHI ABOUT THE RICH AND FAMOUS
REAL MEN
NO SPACE EPICS
NO LOVE STORIES
NO COPS & ROBBERS
NO CUTE TURTLES OR AARDVARKS
NO TV PERSONALITIES

How My Family Encouraged Me to Become an Artist!

©1987 DORI SEDA


MY DAD WAS THE FIRST ARTIST IN THE FAMILY. HE TOOK CLASSES AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL.
HE ALWAYS DREW SWIMSUITS ON THE MODELS SO MY GRANDMA WOULDN'T GET FREAKED OUT.
THIS IS FUN!-TOO BAD THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT!
HE EVENTUALLY BECAME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND PAINTED LANDSCAPES IN THE BACK YARD ON WEEKENDS.
MY DAD WAS NO FOOL.
WHEN I WAS TWO YEARS OLD HE BEGAN TEACHING ME TO DRAW.
HERE'S MY PICTURE OF THE TOASTER- LET'S SEE YOURS.
THAT'S REAL GOOD!
MY LIFE WAS RUINED BY THE TIME I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD.
ANTON, LOOK!- DORI GOT ANOTHER "U" IN CONDUCT!
YEAH, BUT LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES SHE DREW ALL OVER HER REPORT CARD.
AFTER MY FATHER'S DEATH, MY MOTHER CONTINUED TO ENCOURAGE MY ART.
MY DAUGHTER, DORI, DID THE PAINTINGS... SHE'S AN ARTIST IN SAN FRANCISCO!
YOU MUST BE SO PROUD.
MY!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE REALITY ISN'T AS GOOD AS THE MYSTIQUE.
I WONDER IF THE CORNER STORE WILL TAKE FOOD STAMPS FOR A PACK OF CIGARETTES.
CRUNCH!
CAMEL

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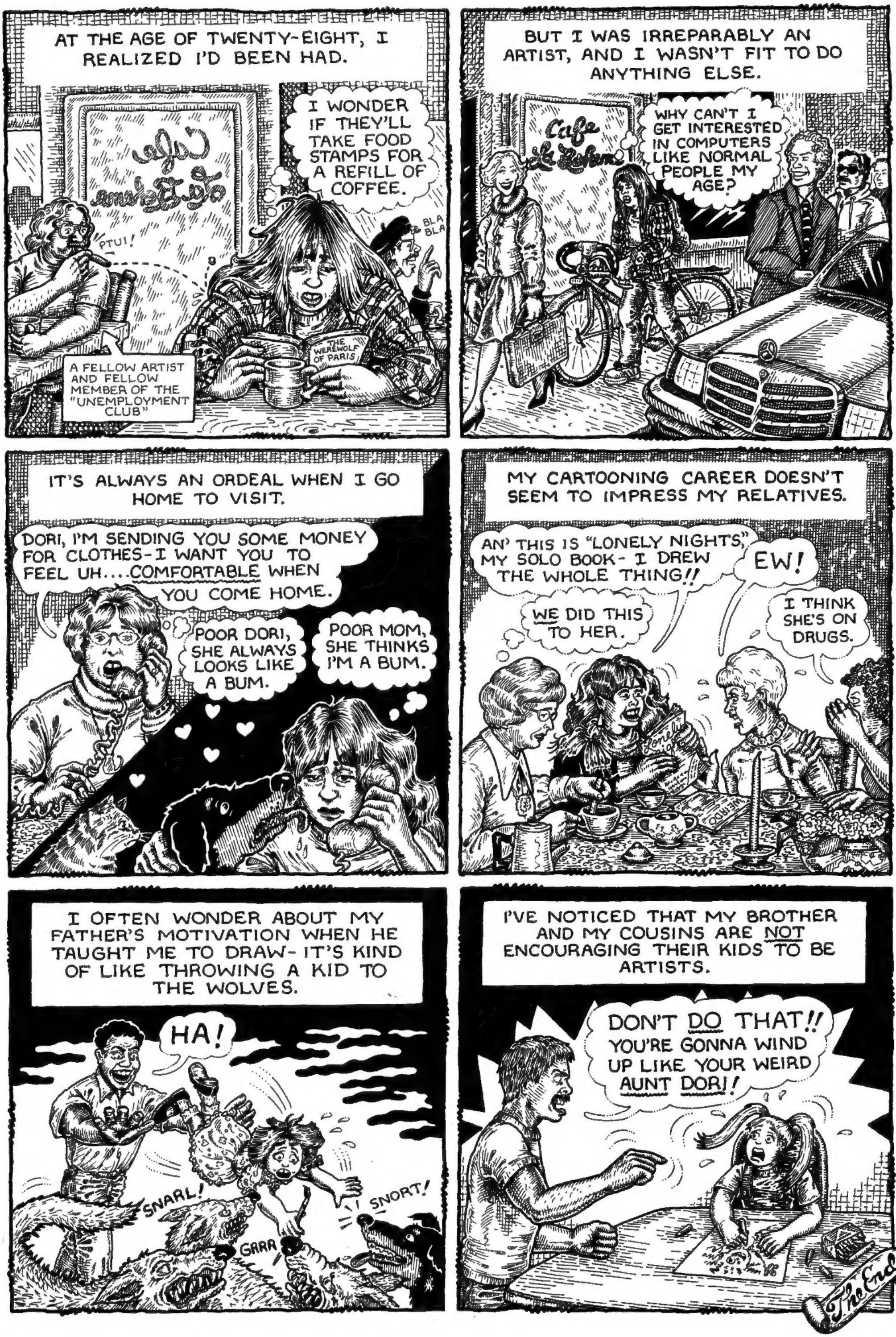
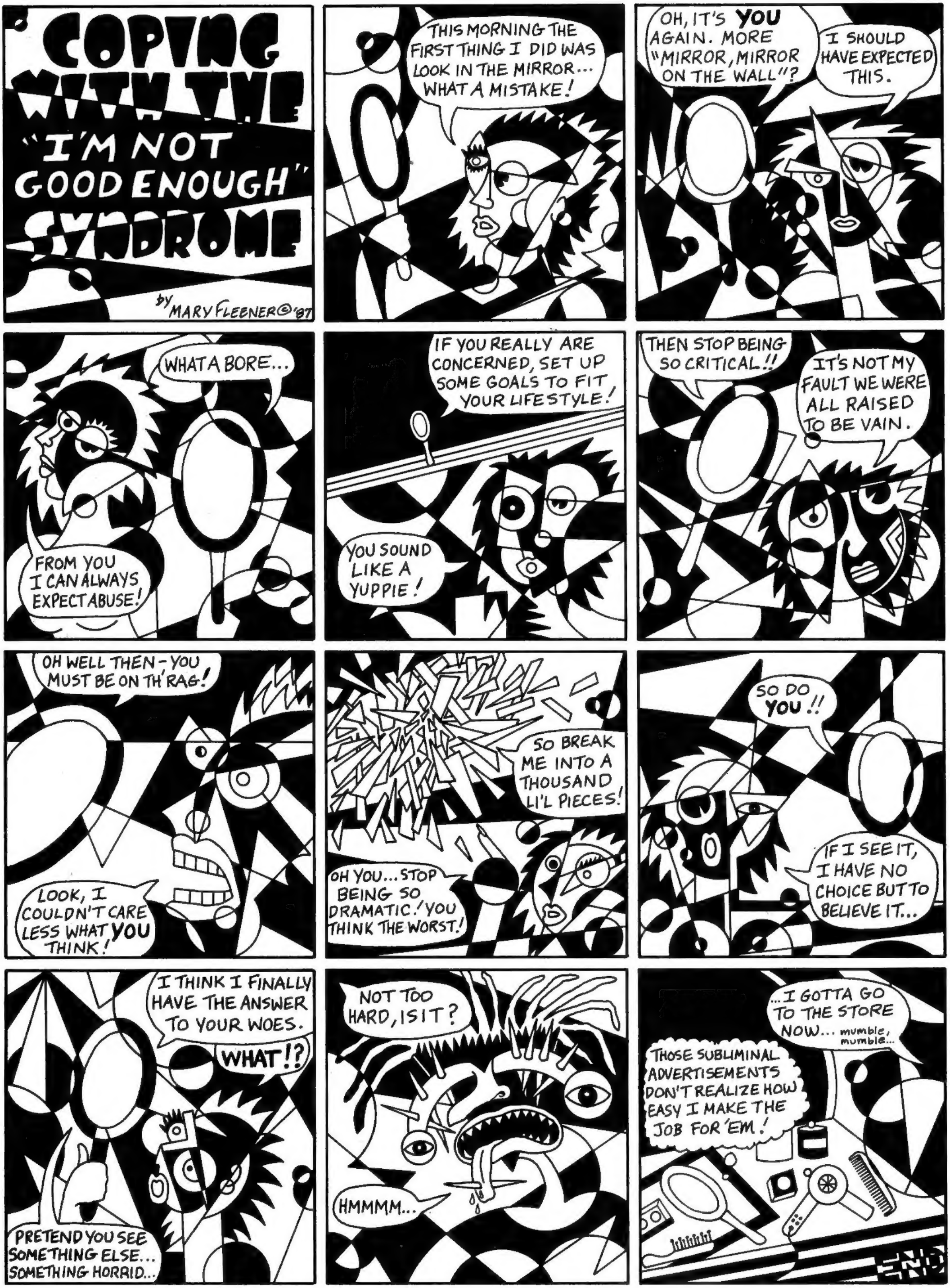
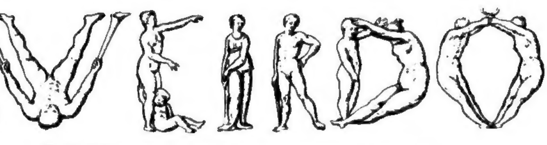

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT, I REALIZED I'D BEEN HAD.
I WONDER IF THEY'LL TAKE FOOD STAMPS FOR A REFILL OF COFFEE.
PTUI!
BLA BLA
THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS
A FELLOW ARTIST AND FELLOW MEMBER OF THE "UNEMPLOYMENT CLUB"
BUT I WAS IRREPARABLY AN ARTIST, AND I WASN'T FIT TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.
Cafe La Boheme
WHY CAN'T I GET INTERESTED IN COMPUTERS LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE MY AGE?
IT'S ALWAYS AN ORDEAL WHEN I GO HOME TO VISIT.
DORI, I'M SENDING YOU SOME MONEY FOR CLOTHES- I WANT YOU TO FEEL UH.... COMFORTABLE WHEN YOU COME HOME.
POOR DORI, SHE ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE A BUM.
POOR MOM, SHE THINKS I'M A BUM.
MY CARTOONING CAREER DOESN'T SEEM TO IMPRESS MY RELATIVES.
AN' THIS IS "LONELY NIGHTS," MY SOLO BOOK- I DREW THE WHOLE THING!!
EW!
WE DID THIS TO HER.
I THINK SHE'S ON DRUGS.
Lonely Nights
WEIRDO
I OFTEN WONDER ABOUT MY FATHER'S MOTIVATION WHEN HE TAUGHT ME TO DRAW- IT'S KIND OF LIKE THROWING A KID TO THE WOLVES.
HA!
SNARL!
SNORT!
GRRR
I'VE NOTICED THAT MY BROTHER AND MY COUSINS ARE NOT ENCOURAGING THEIR KIDS TO BE ARTISTS.
DON'T DO THAT!! YOU'RE GONNA WIND UP LIKE YOUR WEIRD AUNT DORI!
The End

COPING WITH THE "I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH" SYNDROME

by MARY FLEENER © '87


THIS MORNING THE FIRST THING I DID WAS LOOK IN THE MIRROR... WHAT A MISTAKE!
OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN. MORE "MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL"?
I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS.
WHAT A BORE...
FROM YOU I CAN ALWAYS EXPECT ABUSE!
IF YOU REALLY ARE CONCERNED, SET UP SOME GOALS TO FIT YOUR LIFESTYLE!
YOU SOUND LIKE A YUPPIE!
THEN STOP BEING SO CRITICAL!!
IT'S NOT MY FAULT WE WERE ALL RAISED TO BE VAIN.
OH WELL THEN - YOU MUST BE ON TH' RAG!
LOOK, I COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT YOU THINK!
SO BREAK ME INTO A THOUSAND LI'L PIECES!
OH YOU... STOP BEING SO DRAMATIC! YOU THINK THE WORST!
SO DO YOU!!
IF I SEE IT, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BELIEVE IT...
I THINK I FINALLY HAVE THE ANSWER TO YOUR WOES.
WHAT!?
PRETEND YOU SEE SOMETHING ELSE... SOMETHING HORRID...
NOT TOO HARD, IS IT?
HMMMM...
...I GOTTA GO TO THE STORE NOW... mumble, mumble...
THOSE SUBLIMINAL ADVERTISEMENTS DON'T REALIZE HOW EASY I MAKE THE JOB FOR 'EM!
END

NUMBER TWENTY



SPRING 1987

DISTURBED MINDS—UNHEALTHY BODIES

BY HARVEY PEKAR

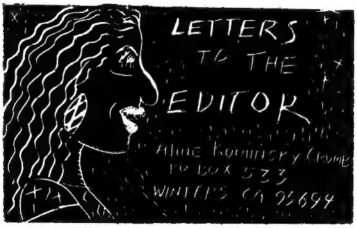
PHILIP ROTH'S BOOKS ARE CONSIDERED MAINSTREAM NOVELS, ORDINARY PEOPLE AND KRAMER VS. KRAMER MAINSTREAM MOVIES, THE MARY TYLER MOORE AND DICK VAN DYKE SHOWS MAINSTREAM TV PROGRAMS. WHAT THESE BOOKS, FILMS AND SITCOMS HAVE IN COMMON IS THAT THEY WERE SET IN THE SAME ERA IN WHICH THEY WERE WRITTEN AND IN THE REAL WORLD AS OPPOSED TO A FANTASY WORLD. ALSO- THEY'RE ABOUT THE KINDS OF PEOPLE WE ARE APT TO HAVE SOME ACQUAINTANCE WITH LIKE TEACHERS, MACHINISTS, SALESMEN, SECRETARIES. MAINSTREAM NOVELS, FILMS AND TV SHOWS AREN'T ALL TERRIFIC BUT THERE'S AT LEAST A CHANCE THAT SOME WILL BE GREAT BECAUSE THEY'LL AT LEAST DEAL WITH SUBSTANTIVE ISSUES.

ON THE OTHER HAND, A MAINSTREAM COMIC BOOK IS ONE IN WHICH THE PROTAGONIST IS A SUPER-STRONG PERSON WHO CAN FLY OR A TALKING DUCK.

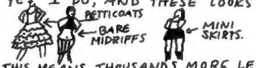
THE FACT THAT MOST COMIC BOOKS, INCLUDING A FAIR AMOUNT THAT ARE SUPPOSEDLY ALTERNATIVE TITLES, ARE ESCAPIST AND LIGHTWEIGHT AND HAVE SO LITTLE TO DO WITH CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND ISSUES; THAT THEY ARE MAINLY DERIVED FROM GENRE FICTION: SCI-FI AND FANTASY, DETECTIVE, HORROR ETC., HAS A LOT TO DO WITH WHY SO FEW GOOD COMICS ARE PRINTED. INTELLIGENT ARTISTS WHO WANT TO DO SUBSTANTIVE WORK, HUMOROUS AS WELL AS SERIOUS WORK, ARE GENERALLY NOT GOING TO CONSIDER USING COMICS AS A MEANS OF EXPRESSION. IF THEY'VE SEEN THEM AS KIDS, CHANCES ARE THEY'RE ONLY FAMILIAR WITH THE SUPER HERO AND TALKING ANIMAL STUFF. FAR FEWER GREAT COMIC BOOK ARTISTS HAVE EMERGED IN THE PAST CENTURY THAN NOVELISTS, PLAYWRIGHTS, OR FILMAKERS. THIS ISN'T THE FAULT OF THE COMIC BOOK MEDIUM; IT'S AS GOOD AN ARTISTIC MEDIUM AS ANY OTHER. BUT COMICS HAVE NOT ATTRACTED ENOUGH GOOD PEOPLE. A VICIOUS CIRCLE EXISTS: THE GENERAL QUALITY OF COMICS IS LOW BECAUSE THEY'RE MOSTLY PRODUCED BY HACKS; HACKS ARE THE MAIN PRODUCERS OF COMICS BECAUSE PEOPLE WITH SOMETHING TO SAY SEE ALL THE JUNKY COMICS AND THINK THE MEDIUM ITSELF LEAVES SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED.

LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING LIGHTWEIGHT COMICS SHOULD BE BANNED. THERE ARE TONS OF SCHLOCK NOVELS, MOVIES + TV SHOWS PRODUCED EVERY YEAR. AND SOME ESCAPIST ART SERVES A GOOD PURPOSE; WE ALL NEED TO RELAX AND GET AWAY FROM OUR PROBLEMS ONCE IN A WHILE. BUT SEE, OVER THE YEARS A LARGE BODY OF GREAT NOVELS HAS BEEN BUILT UP. DESPITE HARLEQUIN ROMANCES AND OTHER TRASHY NOVELS, PEOPLE KNOW THAT GREAT WORK CAN BE DONE IN NOVELS. BUT THERE HAVE BEEN RELATIVELY FEW GREAT COMIC BOOKS AND STRIPS PUBLISHED AND SOME OF THESE ARE KNOWN ABOUT BY ONLY A HANDFULL OF PEOPLE. MY THEORIZING ABOUT THE EXCELLENCE, THE UNLIMITED POTENTIAL OF THE COMIC BOOK ART FORM IS FINE, BUT MORE PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE ME WHEN THEY CAN SEE AND READ A LARGER BODY OF OUTSTANDING COMICS THAN IS NOW BEING PRINTED.

SO THERE'S A REAL NEED FOR COMICS AIMED AT DEMANDING ADULTS, STUFF THAT DEALS WITH THE HUMAN CONDITION, THAT ISN'T JUST ESCAPIST NONSENSE. IF MORE COMIC BOOK ARTISTS SET THEIR SIGHTS HIGHER, THE AESTHETIC QUALITY OF COMICS WILL IMPROVE AND WILL ATTRACT MORE AND MORE GOOD PEOPLE. THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW THERE'LL BE A NOBEL PRIZE FOR COMICS.



TODAY I WANT TO TALK ABOUT HOW YOUR EDITOR UNWINDS AFTER A GRUELING DAY AT WEIRDO HEADQUARTERS. YES, FRIENDS THE MAIL IS PILED UP ALL AROUND ME IN SLOPPY 3 FT. HIGH STACKS (YOU CAN HOPE THAT YOUR BRILLIANT SUBMISSION OR LETTER IS ON TOP OF ONE OF THE PILES]... BUT ANYWAY AFTER A STIMULATING DAY I HAVE SOME SURE FIRE WAYS OF RELAXING.... FIRST OF ALL I LEAVE MY STUDIO + ALL THIS FAB. AHT BEHIND + SIT IN MY QUAINT ROCKING CHAIR NEXT TO MY ANTIQUE TELEPHONE. THEN I POUR MYSELF A NICE GLASS O' WINE AND CALL MY BEST FRIEND "THE MOUTH"... I FIND OUT ALL VITAL INFO' FROM HER... LIKE... WHO WAS SEEN GETTING OFF THE EXIT TO THE MALL WHEN THEY CLAIMED THEY HAD AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT AND WERE AVOIDING CHILD CARE DUTIES, AND WHO HAS MORE CELLULITE THIS MONTH AT THE GYM, AND WHAT COUPLES ARE HAVING SEVERE MARITAL AND OR FINANCIAL PROBLEMS AND OF COURSE WHO IS DOING "IT" WITH WHOM... NOW MY MIND IS CLEAR + I CAN RELAX INTO THE EVENING.. PERHAPS ONE MORE GLASS OF WINE (NOT THAT I NEED IT, I JUST LIKE IT).. NOW, HOPEFULLY ITS JUST THE RIGHT TIME... A CUTE MALE ADMIRER WILL CALL AND TELL ME HOW INTENSE + BRILLIANT I AM + OF COURSE YOUNG LOOKING, BEAUTIFUL + SEXY.. AH... NOTHING PUTS ME IN A BETTER MOOD!! AT THIS POINT I CRAVE A LITTLE ESCAPIST TRASH... COSMO, INTERVIEW, PASSION (I CAN PRETEND I'M IN PARIS)?? OR WORST OF ALL IN THE HUSBAND'S MIND VOGUE... WELL I HAFTO SEE THE NEW SUMMER LOOKS DON'T I? YES, I DO, AND THESE LOOKS ARE CUTE...



THIS MEANS THOUSANDS MORE LEG LIFTS + SIT UPS FOR ME PLUS HUNDREDS OF HOURS OF TEDIOUS AEROBICS...

WELL I'M IN A PRETTY GOOD MOOD BY THIS TIME, MY THERAPY HAS WORKED... SO I CAN GO TO THE STUDIO AND START READING SOME OF THE FINE PUBLICATIONS SENT TO ME BY SOME OF YOU SINCERE ARTISTS + WRITERS. MOST OF THIS STUFF IS SO SLOPPY, DISGUSTING + JUVENILE THAT I IMMEDIATELY SHRED THEM FOR FUTURE USE IN THE HAMSTER CAGE... BUT ONCE IN A WHILE I FIND SOME LITTLE GEM,... SOMETHING ZANY... DEEP.. OR SO DEMENTED THAT I'M THRILLED BY ITS FABULOUSNESS... HERE ARE SOME OF MY FAVORITES... THESE ZINES GET "THE BUNCH" SEAL OF APPROVAL SO IF YOU WANT TO BE COOL, BETTER SEND AWAY FOR ALL OF THESE RIGHT AWAY!!

POINT DRAWN B.N. DUNCAN c/o B.E.F.P. 2425 COLLEGE AVE. BERKELEY, CA. 94704 - ONGOING LIVELY DISCUSSIONS BY KIM DEITCH, HARVEY PEKAR, CRUMB, ROBERT AMSTRONG + MORE ABOUT ALTERNATIVE COMICS ALSO ART BY DEITCH, B.N. DUNCAN, ACE BACKWARDS... I READ ALMOST EVERYTHING IN THIS ZINE...

ROADKILL BOX # 2405 LOOP STATION, MINNEAPOLIS, MN. 55402 GREAT COMICS BY EDITOR KEN WEINER ALSO JOHN HOLMSTROM, DAVID COULSON + ARTICLES ON MUSIC + AHT ETC.. "SKATE NAZIS, BEER + MORONS."

MELODY - THE COMIC STRIP AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NUDE DANCER. by SYLVIE RANCOURT P.O. BOX 249, DELORIMIER STATION, MONTREAL CANADA H2H 2N6.. PRIMITIVE, CHILD LIKE DRAWING, STRONG STRAIGHTFOWARD STORY ABOUT MELODY, A COUNTRY GIRL WHO MOVES TO THE BIG CITY.. MY KINDA BOOK!!

BONGO DICK by DENNIS WORDEN... P.O. BOX 192 SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA. 92693. THE REJECTED STRIPS OF DENNIS WORDEN MAKE UP THIS CUTE 'LIL HOT PINK BOOK. FEATURING STICK BOY, THE WIZARD OF SHIT, THE FLOATING SKULL AND MORE HIGH QUALITY ENTERTAINMENT!

NEW WAVY GRAVY RAYMOND PETTIBON 1240 21st ST. HERMOSA BEACH, CA. 90254 SCARY DISTURBING DRAWINGS BY PETTIBON + OTHER ARTISTS... ALSO INTERVIEWS + PHILOSOPHY THIS MAGAZINE IS NIHILISTIC + DEPRESSING + BRILLIANT... IT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A BRATTY SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE.. (AN OLD ONE)

DYSPEPSIA PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY BLATANT IMAGE. 65 INGRAHAM ST, BRISTOL, CT. 06010 TOP NOTCH COMICS BY SOME OF MY FAV. ARTISTS LIKE, MARY FLEENER, C. MOISEIWITSCH, DENNIS WORDEN, LUNA TICKS, A. GREENIER + MORE...

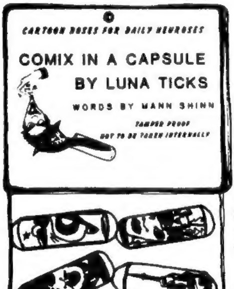
TWISTED IMAGE 1630 UNIVERSITY AVE. # 26 BERKELEY, CA. 94703.. EDITED BY ACE BACKWARDS WITH COMICS BY HIM... GOOD INTERVIEWS WITH PEOPLE LIKE JOHN WATERS, CRUMB + NORMAN DOG, GREAT LETTERS + LOTS OF ZANY GRAPHICS....

DEADBEAT 1338 HAIGHT St, S.F, CA. 94117 GREAT NEIGHBORHOOD PAPER, BEAUTIFUL ART BY SPAIN, SOME GOOD COMICS, LOTS OF ADS, INTERESTING ARTICLES, POETRY, + USEFUL INFORMATION... I DON'T LIVE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD BUT THEY SEND IT TO ME ANYWAY.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST I RESERVE FOR A PUBLICATION PUT OUT BY TWO OF MY GREATEST FANS **EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT** + HIS PAL **EFF**, **TALES OF THE SINISTER HARVEY**

THIS CRUDE ZINE IS CHAOTIC + SLOPPY, THE ART IS QUICKLY DRAWN + BARELY READABLE, BUT IT IS OCCASIONALLY FUNNY + I DO WANT TO ENCOURAGE THESE ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG BOYS... THESE KIDS HAVE A GREAT ATTITUDE AS YOU'LL SEE LATER ON THE LETTERS PAGE.

UNIQUE ITEM !!!

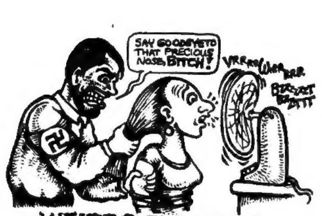


PACKAGE OF 4 DIFFERENT COMIX ROLLED THEN STUFFED INTO CAPSULES. $2.00 PPD.

LUNA TICKS
424 S. 45th St
PHILADELPHIA
PA., 19104

"TAINTED CAPSULES MAKE A WHOLE INDUSTRY SWALLOW HARD" **THE GREAT CAPSULE CONTROVERSY!**

WEIRDO NO. 20, SPRING, 1987. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.


SAY GOODBYE TO THAT PRECIOUS NOSE, BITCH!
VRRRRWHRRRR
BZZZZT BRDTTT

WEIRDO FAN LETTER

AS YOU CAN SEE THE MAIL IS GETTING MORE INTERESTING. I'M HAPPY TO SEE SOME OF YOU HATE-FILLED, DISTURBED TYPES GETTING IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM!

-EDITOR-

DEAR WEIRDO AND ALIEN KOZINSKY CLUMP,

HI REMEMBER US? JUST WANTED TO SEND YOU A COPY OF OUR SELF-PUBLISHED COMIC BOOK. MAYBE YOU COULD SAY A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN YOUR MAG. YOU COULD ADVERTISE IT AS "COMIX WEIRDO WOULDN'T PRINT" OF COURSE, YOU COULD RECONSIDER AND PUBLISH THEM AND SEND US MONEY. ALIEN KOZINSKY CLUMP-ITS NOT THAT OUR DRAWINGS DON'T "COME FROM THE SOUL" IT'S JUST THAT ALMOST ALL SOULS HAPPEN TO DRAW BETTER THAN YOU. I'M REALLY TRYING MY BEST NOT TO SAY ANYTHING REALLY MEAN, BECAUSE I REALLY WANT TO GET IN YOUR PUBLICATION, BUT I FEEL IT WOULD BE UNFAIR IF I DIDN'T TELL YOU THAT THE LAST ISSUE REALLY SUCKED. BY FAR THE WORST ONE EVER! YOU MUST BE REALLY PROUD TO HAVE SINGLEHANDEDLY TURNED A MEDIOCRE COMIC BOOK INTO THE WORST PIECE OF SHIT I'VE EVER READ. PLEASE DON'T TURN WEIRDO INTO YOUR OWN SELF-INDULGENT FLABBY THIGHS MAGAZINE, I BEG YOU! IN MY OPINION, THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOUR RAG IS TO PUBLISH STUFF BY ME (EFF) AND MY COLLABORATER EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT, BUT I GUESS WE AREN'T "BRUTALLY HONEST" ENOUGH FOR YOU. WHAT A LOAD OF SHIT! THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE ANGRIER I GET. I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER STOP NOW BECAUSE I REALLY WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D MENTION OUR COMIC IN YOUR SELF PUBS SECTION. I'M SURE YOU'RE A VERY NICE OLD LADY, BUT YOU'VE TOTALLY RUINED WEIRDO AND I WILL NEVER BUY IT AGAIN IF YOU DON'T SHAPE UP AND GET WISE. MAY I ASK WHAT YOUR LONG SUFFERING HUSBAND DOES WHILE YOU MANGLE HIS BABY? PLEASE I IMPLORE YOU TO LISTEN TO REASON.

LOVE,
KEVIN DIXON (EFF)

JESUS CHRIST!! THE LAST ISSUE DID SUCK!! PUBLISH OUR FUCKING COMICS ALREADY OR THE CONSEQUENCES MAY BE WORSE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE-NOT THAT YOU CAN IMAGINE MUCH.

- EDGAR "BOLT UPRIGHT"

THESE BOYS SURE HAVE LOTS OF ENTHUSIASM AND DRIVE I THINK THEY'RE GONNA REALLY GET AHEAD IN LIFE!!

DEAR MRS. CRUMB

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR MAKING UNDERGROUND COMICS ACCESSIBLE TO US MARVEL FANS. PREVIOUS UNDERGROUNDS I HAVE READ HAVE CONFUSED ME WITH CRAMPED UGLY DRAWINGS AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE NIHILISM, BUT WEIRDO 19 WAS A PLEASANT EXCEPTION--- IT WAS ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE X-MEN. FROM NOW ON, I'LL CONSIDER WEIRDO TO BE A "MUST HAVE-- DOUBLE BAG ITEM." MAYBE I'LL EVEN READ IT.

SINCERELY
LOU BEAR
CORRESPONDING SEC.
POSNARK*

*PEOPLE ORGANIZED SINCERELY TO NIX AMERICAN RADICAL KOMIX

DEAR ALINE,

I AM ABSOLUTELY SURE THAT WEIRDO #19 IS FAR SUPERIOR TO THE LATEST RAW. AS RAW IS ON THE SKIDS APPARENTLY AND WEIRDO IS IN AN UP TREND, THERE SEEMS TO BE "NO CONTEST." I'D RATHER HEAR WHAT B.N. DUNCAN SEZ THAN PEKAR'S IDIOCIES — WHICH YOU WOULD NEVER PRINT AS A LETTER FROM JOE SCHMOE. YOU, ALINE CANNOT WRITE A SENTENCE OR DRAW A LINE WITHOUT BEING INTERESTING AND TRUE AND WITTY. THE BUNCH IN "SEX-CRAZED HOUSEWIFE" AS USUAL IS REASSURING TO READERS BECAUSE IT SHOWS THAT EVERYBODY (ALMOST) IS A "WEIRDO." I WAS DELIGHTED BY THE "ACE BACKWARDS" COMIC STRIP IN WEIRDO 19. I TEND TO FORGET THAT ACE BACKWARDS IS A REALLY GOOD CARTOONIST. THIS IS SURELY ONE OF HIS VERY BEST EFFORTS.

YOUR FRIEND,
ALFRED BERGDOLL

DEAR EDITOR,

I READ #19 ALREADY, AND ITS GREAT, OF COURSE. SQUIRMIN SHERMAN WAS KIND OF A BUMMER, BUT ITS FINE TO PUT A DIFFERENT ARTIST IN, ETC... YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF LETTERS SAYING THIS. BY THE WAY, YOUR 4-PAGER HELPED ME TO DEFINITELY DECIDE I DON'T CARE FOR SEX. WHEN THAT OLD COPULATION IMPULSE COMES ALONG, THESE PAST FEW DAYS, I JUST THINK OF YOUR STRIP ("GOD WHAT A NOX!") AND RIGHT AWAY, MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT IS BACK ON ITS RIGHTEOUS PATH —

♡ ☮ -B.J.

MISTER PETER,

I'D LIKE TO PREVENT YOU FROM A FUCKING DISEASE THAT GERMS INTO WEIRDO'S PAGES. AVOID TO USE THE WORD "ART," TALKING ABOUT COMICS. "ART" IS THE TERM THAT KILLED SO MANY FRENCH CARTOONISTS. BEFORE, THEY WERE DOING THEIR JOB, DRAWING FUNNY COMICS. SHIT! NOW THEY THINK THEY'RE ARTISTS, THEY DO MONEY ON ANY RIDICULOUS GADGETS OF THEIR OWN THEIR NEW READERS ARE MOSTLY SNOBBY SHITHEADS. I HATE 'EM. THEY'RE DISGUSTING PEOPLE, BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY WORD "ART." THEY'RE NO FUN ANYMORE —

YOU'RE WEIRDO, THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE OF ALL, STAY WEIRDO! HOW TO DEFINE YOUR COMICS? THEY'RE FUN, COOL, HARD OR SIMPLY ROCK N' ROLL. I FEEL WEIRDO'S LIKE A ROCK RECORD. SEE HOW POOR IS THE SNOBBISH "ART": TAKE A LOOK AT RAW, NO STORIES AND EASY DRAWINGS, MOSTLY COPIED. DO YOU WANNA BE LIKE THAT?

SO CALL IT ROCK 'N ROLL OR SIMPLY COMICS.

LOVE + POTATOES
JEAN FRANÇOIS GLARION
PUTEAUX, FRANCE

ART = MONEY = SHIT = CHEAT = SNOBBISH = FALSE LIFE = Mc^2

A. EINSTEIN

DEAR MR. CRUMB

" I DRINK A HEINEKEN PACK PER HOUR, I HATE COPS, I LIKE THE CLASH + THE SEX PISTOLS, I DO NOTHIN' ALL DAY EXCEPT VESPA REPAIRING AND SILLY THINGS DRAWING...

AM I AN ARTIST?

I SMOKE MANY JOINTS + READ ZAP COMICS TOO".....

"NO, YOU'RE JUST FRENCH"

—— R. CRUMB

DEAR ALINE,

MANY YEARS AGO WHEN I FIRST CAME ACROSS "THE BUNCH" (BUNCH GOES TO CAMP) THAT IS WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED YOUR GENIUS, BUT WAS TOO DUMB AT THE TIME TO KNOW WHAT OR WHY I LIKED IN YOUR CARTOONS. NOW, OF COURSE SINCE I AM A GREAT INTELLECTUAL, (YOU KNOW LIKE ABOUT AS SMART AS SHELLY WINTERS). I CAN SAY THAT YOUR CARTOONS LAY OPEN YOUR SOUL, WHICH YOU ARE NOT AFRAID TO DO BECAUSE YOU HAVE FOUND THE MIGHTY ST. HUMOR TO HELP YOU THROUGH LIFE. YOU SEEM SO BIG HEARTED, I AM SURE MANY PEOPLE HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU THROUGH YOUR COMICS. OF COURSE I BET A FEW WERE SHOCKED AND DISAPPOINTED WITH THE REAL WOMAN, BUT I AM ALSO SURE THAT THESE SAME PEOPLE ARE FLAKES. AND DON'T LET ME STOP HERE, BUT "THE BUNCH" COMICS WERE SO, ARE SO, EXCUSE ME (THAT CANNOT BE BLAMED ON THE TYPEWRITER) FILLED WITH PEOPLE THAT ARE INTERESTING AND FULL OF LIFE, OH THIS ALL SOUNDS SO STUPID BUT WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT I LOVE YOUR CARTOONS, I LOVE YOUR DRAWING. I LOVE YOUR CUTE LITTLE LIFE.

Kenny Be

ACTUALLY MOST PEOPLE WHO MEET THE REAL ME FIND ME MUCH MORE GAWGEOUS & MUCH MEANER THAN THE BIG HEARTED BUNCH.

ALINE

DEAR ALINE,

I DON'T WANT TO DO A PAGE-BY-PAGE CRITIQUE, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT ON THE WHOLE, I LIKE THE DIRECTION YOU'RE TAKING IN WEIRDO. (NOT THAT IT MATTERS WHAT I THINK, EXACTLY.)

SINCE I WAS NEVER AN AVID COMIC BOOK READER (WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A FEW OLD EC'S A COUSIN HAD COLLECTED, AND THE OCCASIONAL SGT. ROCK) I FIND YOUR WEIRDO GOING IN A MORE "LITERARY" DIRECTION.

EEEYEWW! I KNOW IT SOUNDS FUNNY AND PRETENTIOUS TO USE THAT WORD, BUT I HOPE YOU TAKE IT AS A COMPLIMENT. THIS LAST ISSUE DOESN'T REACH TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR TO ENTERTAIN... IT'S NOT FER KIDS, SEE? AND NOT JUST BECAUSE "SEXUAL THEMES" (LIKE THE CHOICE OF WORDS?) ARE INVOLVED. IT'S THAT ADULTS... AH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. ANYHOW, THANKS FOR PUTTIN' OUT A SWELL COMIC BOOK!

YOUR FRIEND,
MARK ZINGARELLI

DEAR EDITOR KOMINSKY-CRUMB,

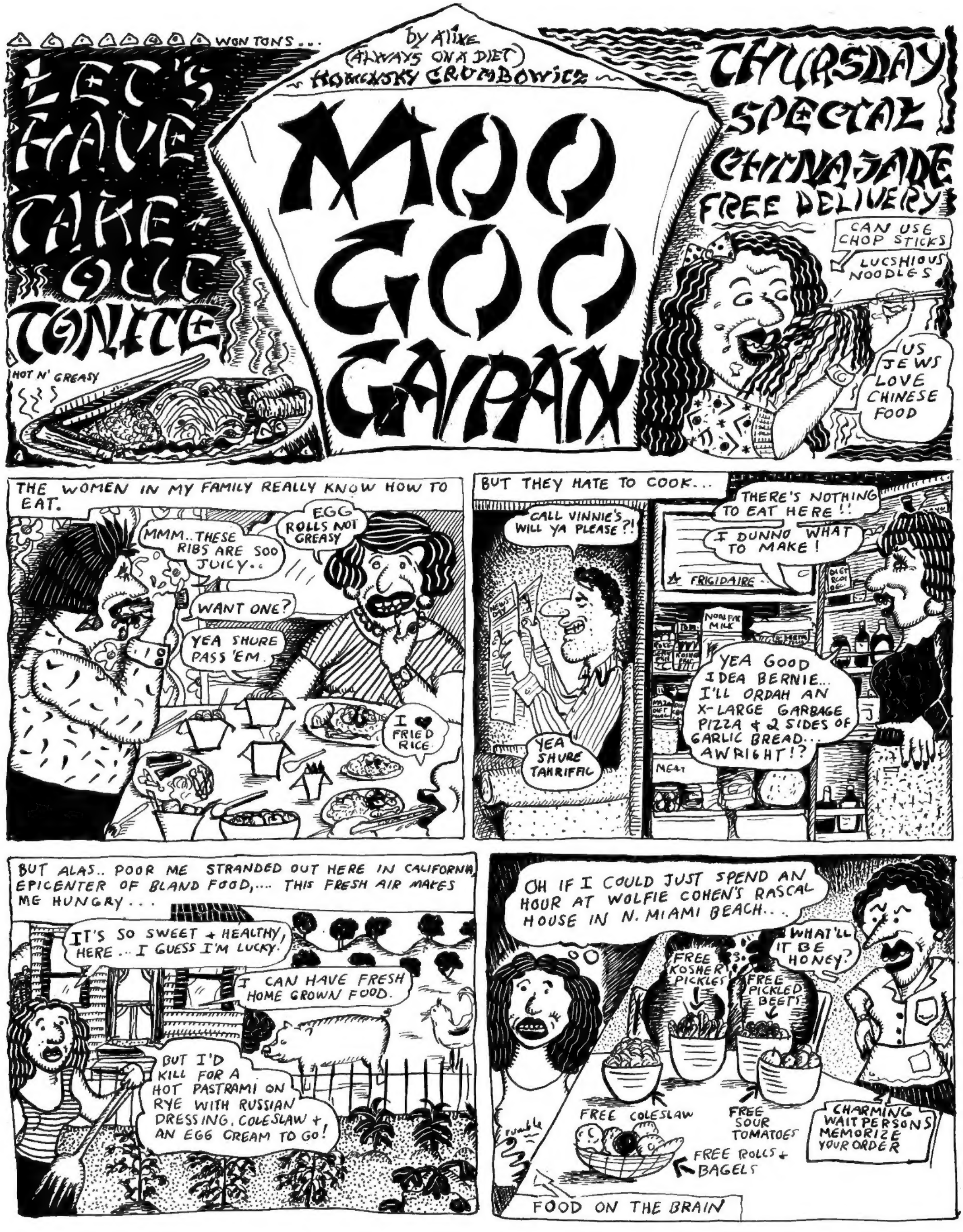
WITH WEIRDO #19, THERE'S A CERTAIN RANGE + VARIETY IN THE MATERIAL THAT GIVES THE ISSUE VITALITY + SCOPE. (WEIRDO 19 IS A RICHER MIX THAN WEIRDO 18.) I MYSELF FEEL THAT WITH BOTH EDITORS CRUMB + BAGGE, WEIRDO ISSUES GOT TOO "FLATLY ONE-WAY." PERHAPS THERE IS A CERTAIN FREE-RANGING QUALITY TO ALINE THAT IS BENEFICIAL FOR BEING AN EDITOR WHO SELECTS FEATURES - AS, FOR EXAMPLE, SUGGESTED BY HER FREE-RANGING USE OF MULTIPLE SPEECH BALLOONS IN PANELS IN HER OWN STRIPS.

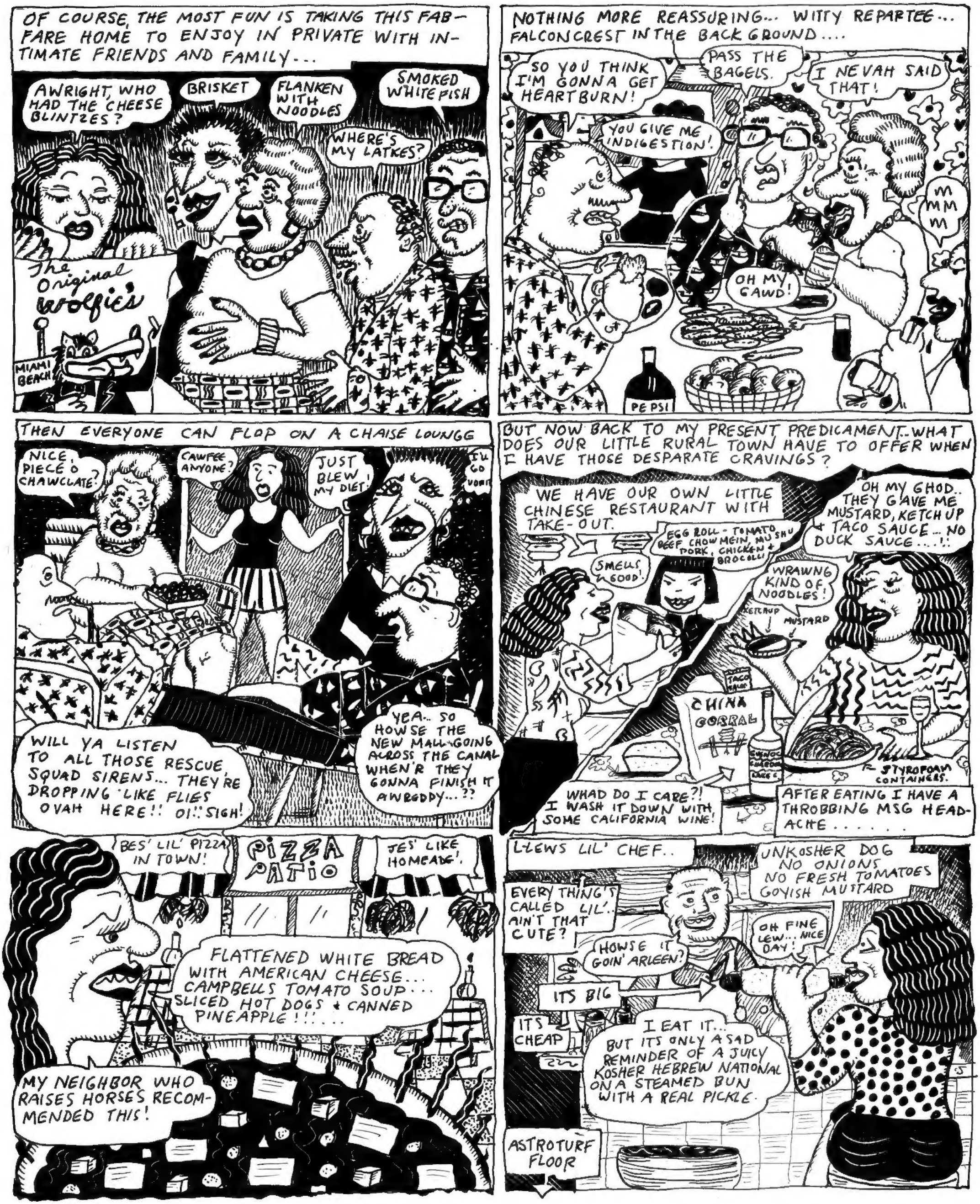
THE STRIP DENNIS THE SULLEN MENACE BY EICHORN + DOUGAN MAKES SOME GENUINE RESPONSE TO A QUESTION THAT FASCINATES, CONCERNS + APPALLS STUDENTS OF THE HUMAN CONDITION, "AT HOW LOW A LEVEL CAN THE HUMAN SOUL ABIDE?" THE PRONOUNCEDLY UN-COMMERCIAL GRAPHIC RENDERING OF THIS STRIP ABOUT MURKY DEPTHS IN PRISON LIFE REMINDS ME OF A LINE FROM THE SONG "16 TONS"..."SOME PEOPLE SAY A MAN IS MADE OUT OF MUD..." I'M WONDERING IF EICHHORN + DOUGAN WILL PRODUCE MORE STRIPS ABOUT PRISON LIFE.

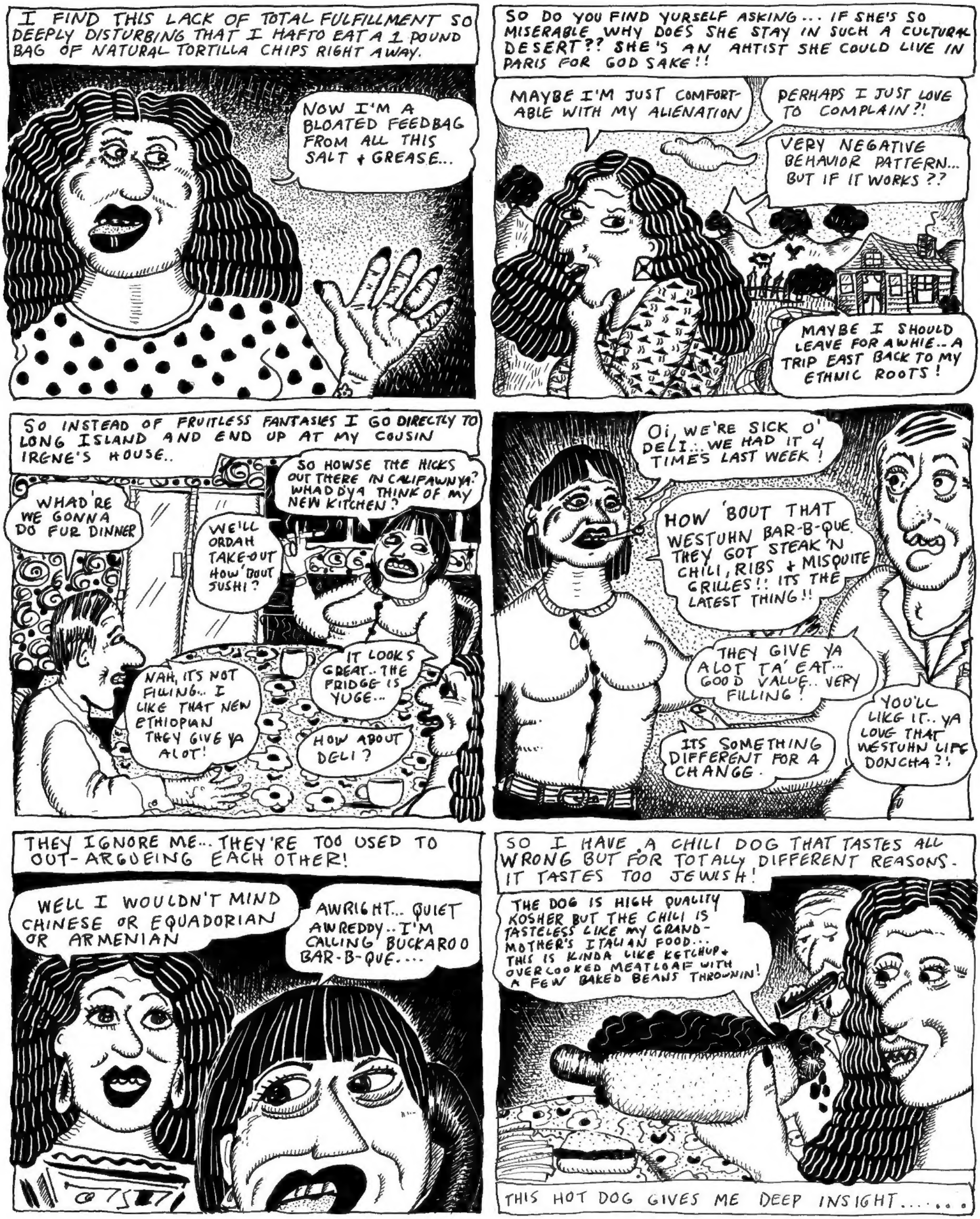
B.N. DUNCAN

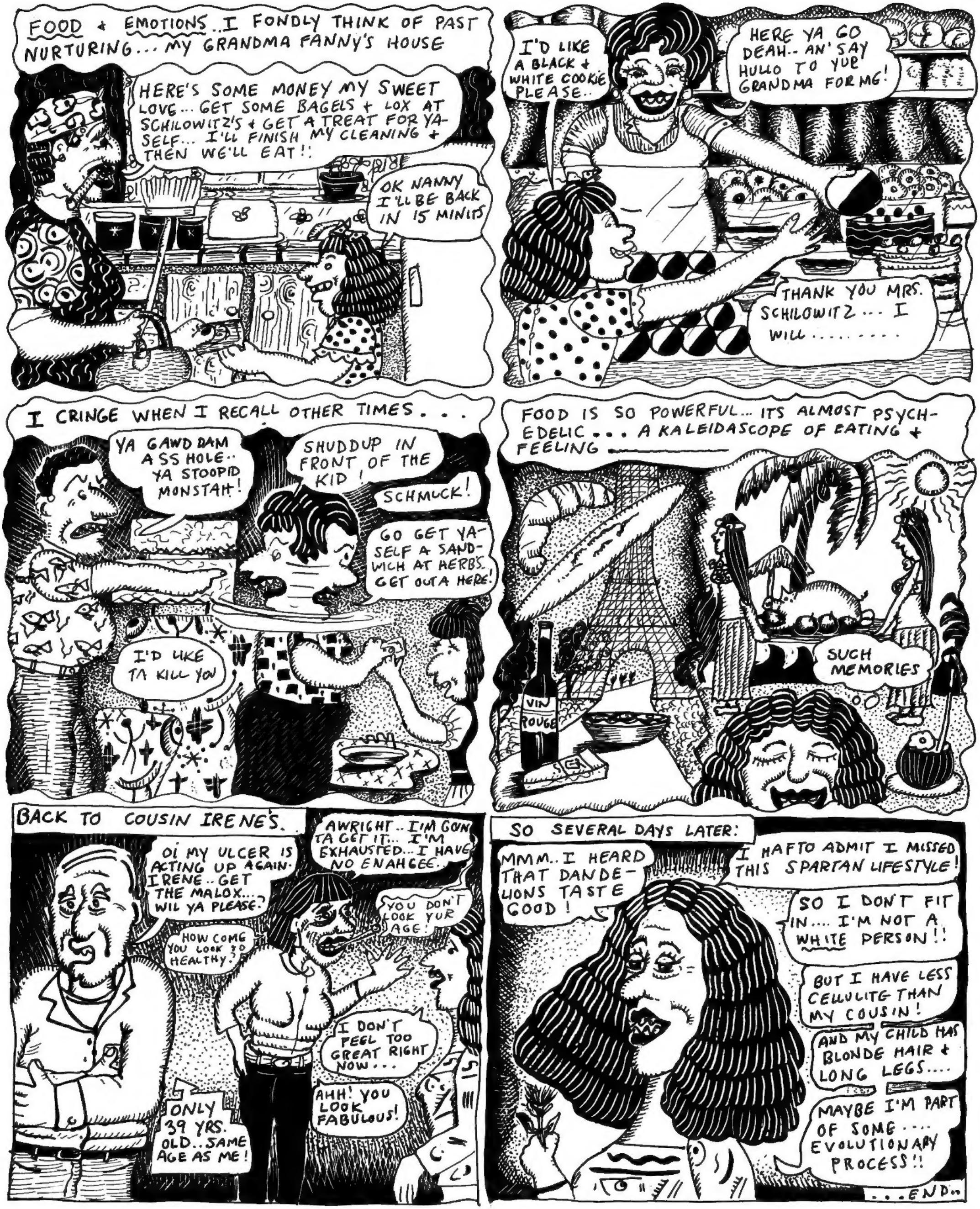
HEY FOLKS, THE LITTLE GENIUS, SOPHIE, SEZ THANK YOU FOR BUYING SO MANY OF HER DRAWINGS. SHE DECIDED NOT TO GO TO COLLEGE SO SHE BOUGHT A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE BICYCLE INSTEAD!!

EDITOR

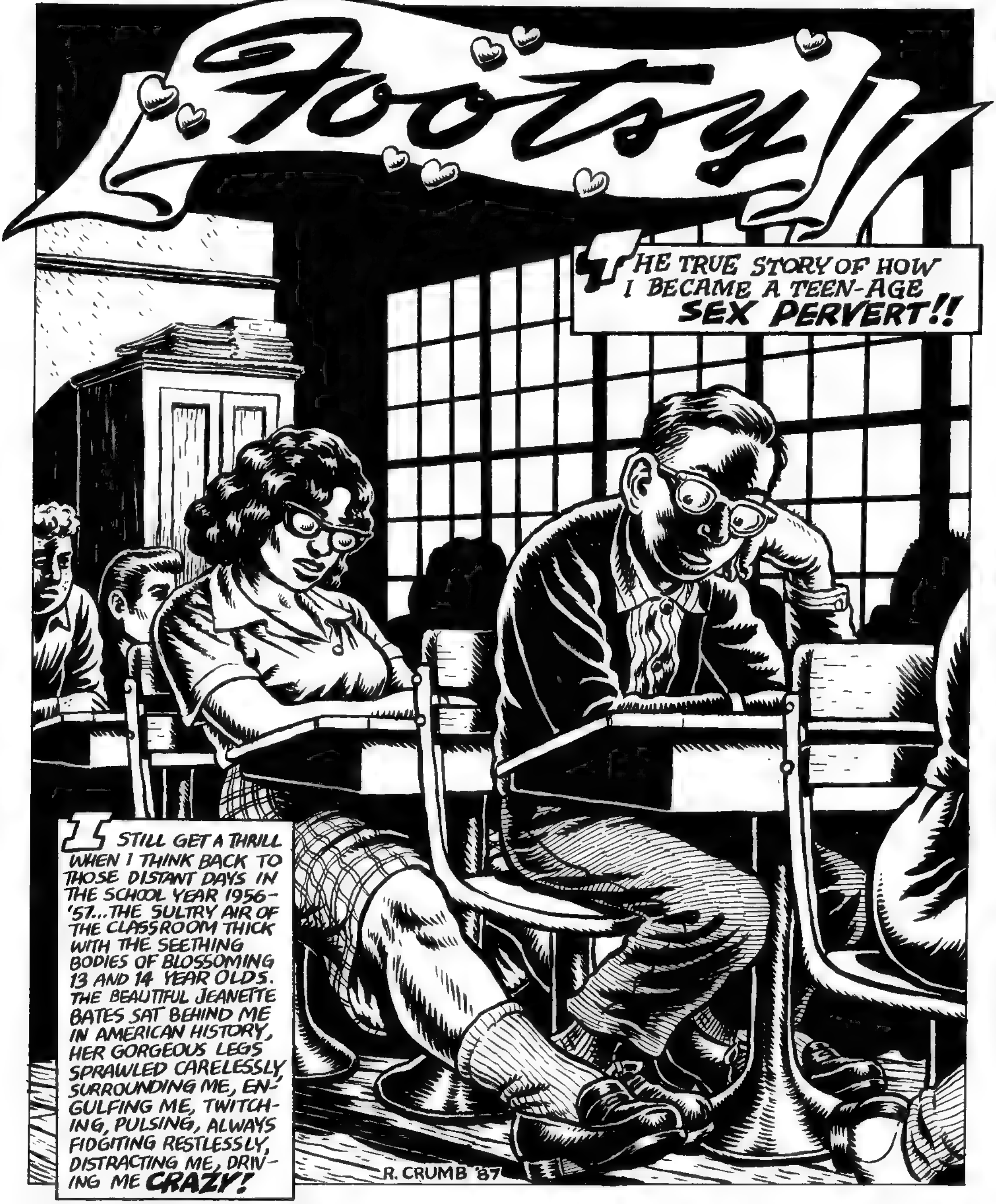

WON TONS...
by Aline
(ALWAYS ON A DIET)
KOMINSKY CRUMBOWICZ
MOO GOO GAIPAN
LET'S HAVE TAKE OUT TONITE
HOT N' GREASY
THURSDAY SPECIAL
CHINA-JADE
FREE DELIVERY
CAN USE CHOP STICKS
LUCSHIOUS NOODLES
US JEWS LOVE CHINESE FOOD
THE WOMEN IN MY FAMILY REALLY KNOW HOW TO EAT.
MMM.. THESE RIBS ARE SOO JUICY..
EGG ROLLS NOT GREASY
WANT ONE?
YEA SHURE PASS 'EM.
I ♥ FRIED RICE
BUT THEY HATE TO COOK...
CALL VINNIE'S WILL YA PLEASE?!
NEWSDAY
THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT HERE!!
I DUNNO WHAT TO MAKE!
FRIGIDAIRE
NON FAT MILK
DIET
YEA GOOD IDEA BERNIE... I'LL ORDAH AN X-LARGE GARBAGE PIZZA + 2 SIDES OF GARLIC BREAD... AWRIGHT!?
YEA SHURE TAHRIFFIC
MEAT
BUT ALAS.. POOR ME STRANDED OUT HERE IN CALIFORNIA EPICENTER OF BLAND FOOD,.... THIS FRESH AIR MAKES ME HUNGRY...
IT'S SO SWEET + HEALTHY HERE... I GUESS I'M LUCKY.
I CAN HAVE FRESH HOME GROWN FOOD.
BUT I'D KILL FOR A HOT PASTRAMI ON RYE WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING, COLESLAW + AN EGG CREAM TO GO!
OH IF I COULD JUST SPEND AN HOUR AT WOLFIE COHEN'S RASCAL HOUSE IN N. MIAMI BEACH...
WHAT'LL IT BE HONEY?
FREE KOSHER PICKLES
FREE PICKLED BEETS
FREE COLESLAW
FREE SOUR TOMATOES
FREE ROLLS + BAGELS
CHARMING WAITPERSONS MEMORIZE YOUR ORDER
rumble
FOOD ON THE BRAIN

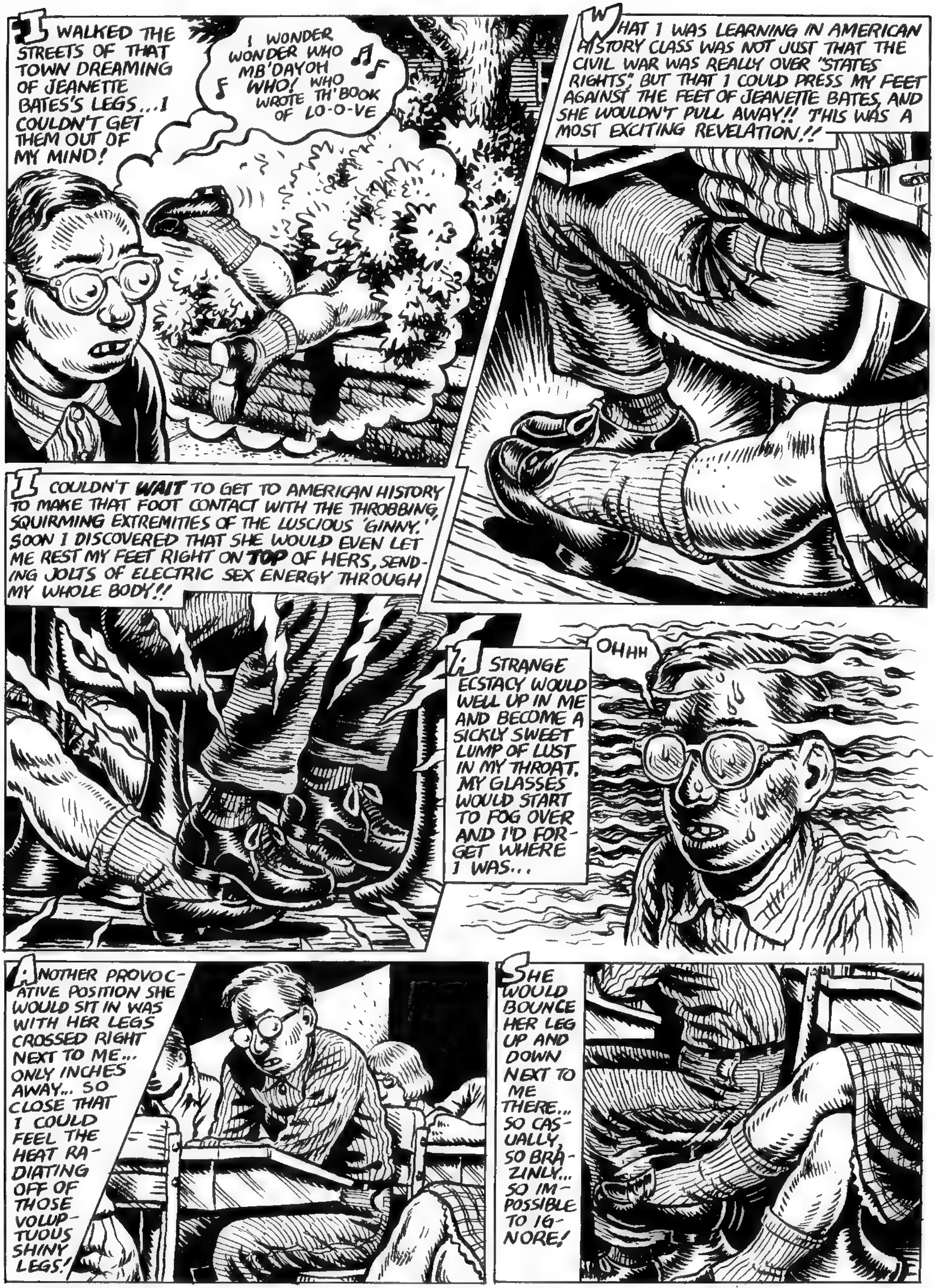

OF COURSE, THE MOST FUN IS TAKING THIS FAB-FARE HOME TO ENJOY IN PRIVATE WITH INTIMATE FRIENDS AND FAMILY...
AWRIGHT, WHO HAD THE CHEESE BLINTZES?
BRISKET
FLANKEN WITH NOODLES
SMOKED WHITEFISH
WHERE'S MY LATKES?
The Original Wolfie's
MIAMI BEACH
NOTHING MORE REASSURING... WITTY REPARTEE... FALCONCREST IN THE BACKGROUND....
SO YOU THINK I'M GONNA GET HEARTBURN!
PASS THE BAGELS.
I NEVAH SAID THAT!
YOU GIVE ME INDIGESTION!
MMMM
OH MY GAWD!
PEPSI
THEN EVERYONE CAN FLOP ON A CHAISE LOUNGG
NICE, PIECE O CHAWCLATE?
CAWFEE ANYONE?
JUST BLEW MY DIET!
I'LL GO VOMI
WILL YA LISTEN TO ALL THOSE RESCUE SQUAD SIRENS... THEY'RE DROPPING LIKE FLIES OVAH HERE!! OI!! SIGH!
YEA.. SO HOWSE THE NEW MALL GOING ACROSS THE CANAL WHEN'R THEY GONNA FINISH IT AWREDDY...??
BUT NOW BACK TO MY PRESENT PREDICAMENT.. WHAT DOES OUR LITTLE RURAL TOWN HAVE TO OFFER WHEN I HAVE THOSE DESPARATE CRAVINGS?
WE HAVE OUR OWN LITTLE CHINESE RESTAURANT WITH TAKE-OUT.
EGG ROLL - TOMATO BEEF CHOW MEIN, MUSHU PORK, CHICKEN & BROCOLLI
SMELLS GOOD!
OH MY GHOD.. THEY GAVE ME MUSTARD, KETCHUP & TACO SAUCE... NO DUCK SAUCE....!!
WRAWNG KIND OF NOODLES!
KETCHUP
MUSTARD
TACO SAUCE
CHINA CORRAL
STYROFOAM CONTAINERS.
WHAD DO I CARE?! I WASH IT DOWN WITH SOME CALIFORNIA WINE!
AFTER EATING I HAVE A THROBBING MSG HEADACHE.....
BES' LIL' PIZZA IN TOWN!
PIZZA PATIO
JES' LIKE HOMEADE!
FLATTENED WHITE BREAD WITH AMERICAN CHEESE... CAMPBELLS TOMATO SOUP... SLICED HOT DOGS & CANNED PINEAPPLE!!!...
MY NEIGHBOR WHO RAISES HORSES RECOMMENDED THIS!
LLEWS LIL' CHEF..
UNKOSHER DOG NO ONIONS NO FRESH TOMATOES GOYISH MUSTARD
EVERYTHING'S CALLED LIL'. AIN'T THAT CUTE?
HOWSE IT GOIN' ARLEEN?
OH FINE LEW... NICE DAY!
ITS BIG
ITS CHEAP
I EAT IT... BUT ITS ONLY A SAD REMINDER OF A JUICY KOSHER HEBREW NATIONAL ON A STEAMED BUN WITH A REAL PICKLE.
ASTROTURF FLOOR

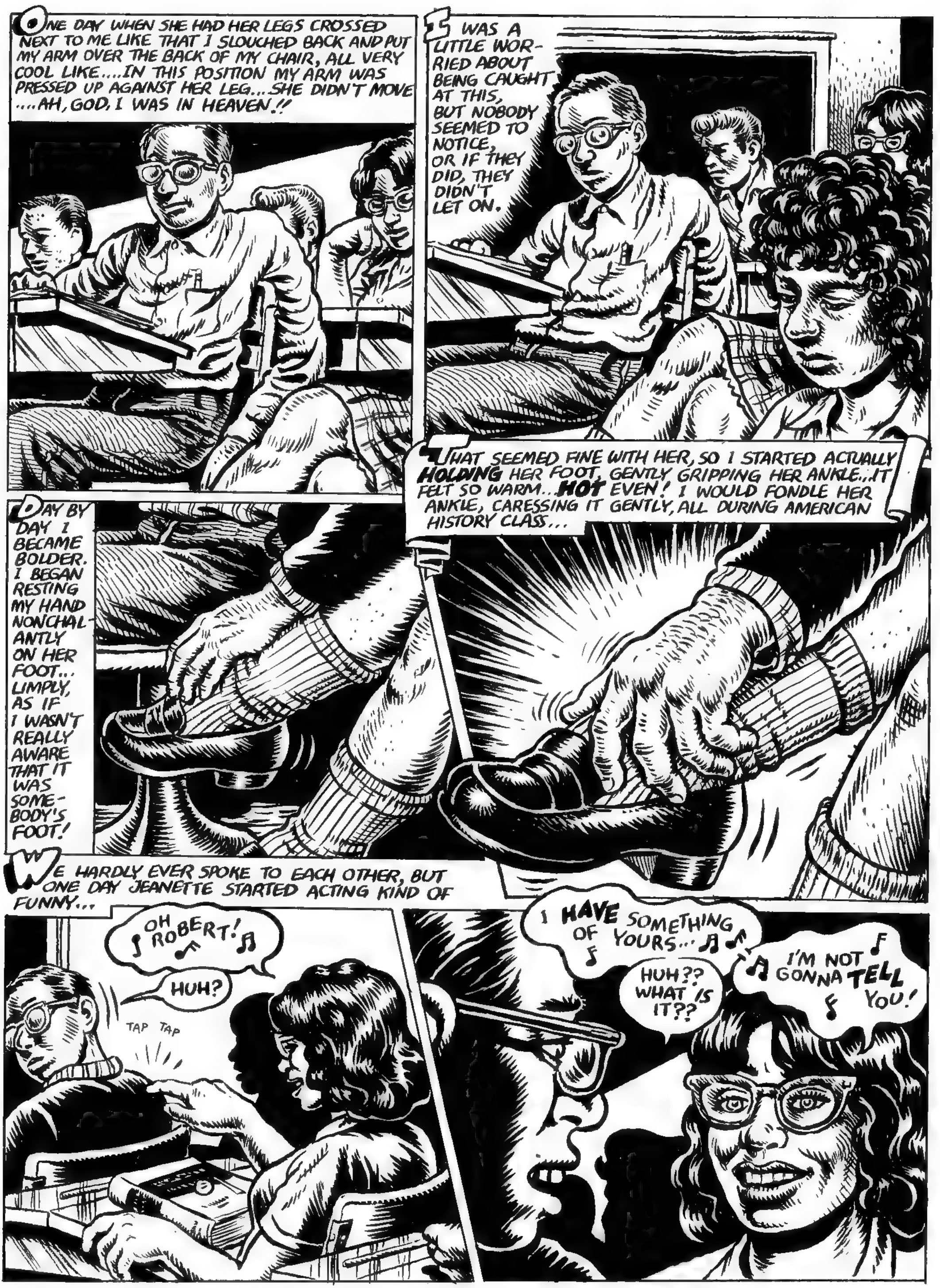

I FIND THIS LACK OF TOTAL FULFILLMENT SO DEEPLY DISTURBING THAT I HAFTO EAT A 1 POUND BAG OF NATURAL TORTILLA CHIPS RIGHT AWAY.
NOW I'M A BLOATED FEEDBAG FROM ALL THIS SALT + GREASE...
SO DO YOU FIND YURSELF ASKING... IF SHE'S SO MISERABLE WHY DOES SHE STAY IN SUCH A CULTURAL DESERT?? SHE'S AN AHTIST SHE COULD LIVE IN PARIS FOR GOD SAKE!!
MAYBE I'M JUST COMFORTABLE WITH MY ALIENATION
PERHAPS I JUST LOVE TO COMPLAIN?!
VERY NEGATIVE BEHAVIOR PATTERN... BUT IF IT WORKS??
MAYBE I SHOULD LEAVE FOR AWHIE.. A TRIP EAST BACK TO MY ETHNIC ROOTS!
SO INSTEAD OF FRUITLESS FANTASIES I GO DIRECTLY TO LONG ISLAND AND END UP AT MY COUSIN IRENE'S HOUSE..
SO HOWSE THE HICKS OUT THERE IN CALIFAWNYA? WHADD'YA THINK OF MY NEW KITCHEN?
WHAD'RE WE GONNA DO FUR DINNER
WE'LL ORDAH TAKE-OUT HOW 'BOUT SUSHI?
IT LOOKS GREAT.. THE FRIDGE IS YUGE...
NAH, ITS NOT FILLING.. I LIKE THAT NEW ETHIOPIAN THEY GIVE YA ALOT!
HOW ABOUT DELI?
OI, WE'RE SICK O' DELI.. WE HAD IT 4 TIMES LAST WEEK!
HOW 'BOUT THAT WESTUHN BAR-B-QUE. THEY GOT STEAK 'N CHILI, RIBS + MISQUITE GRILLES!! ITS THE LATEST THING!!
THEY GIVE YA ALOT TA' EAT... GOOD VALUE.. VERY FILLING!
ITS SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR A CHANGE.
YOU'LL LIKE IT.. YA LOVE THAT WESTUHN LIFE DONCHA?!
THEY IGNORE ME.. THEY'RE TOO USED TO OUT-ARGUEING EACH OTHER!
WELL I WOULDN'T MIND CHINESE OR EQUADORIAN OR ARMENIAN
AWRIGHT... QUIET AWREDDY.. I'M CALLING BUCKAROO BAR-B-QUE....
SO I HAVE A CHILI DOG THAT TASTES ALL WRONG BUT FOR TOTALLY DIFFERENT REASONS. IT TASTES TOO JEWISH!
THE DOG IS HIGH QUALITY KOSHER BUT THE CHILI IS TASTELESS LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER'S ITALIAN FOOD... THIS IS KINDA LIKE KETCHUP + OVERCOOKED MEATLOAF WITH A FEW BAKED BEANS THROWN IN!
THIS HOT DOG GIVES ME DEEP INSIGHT......

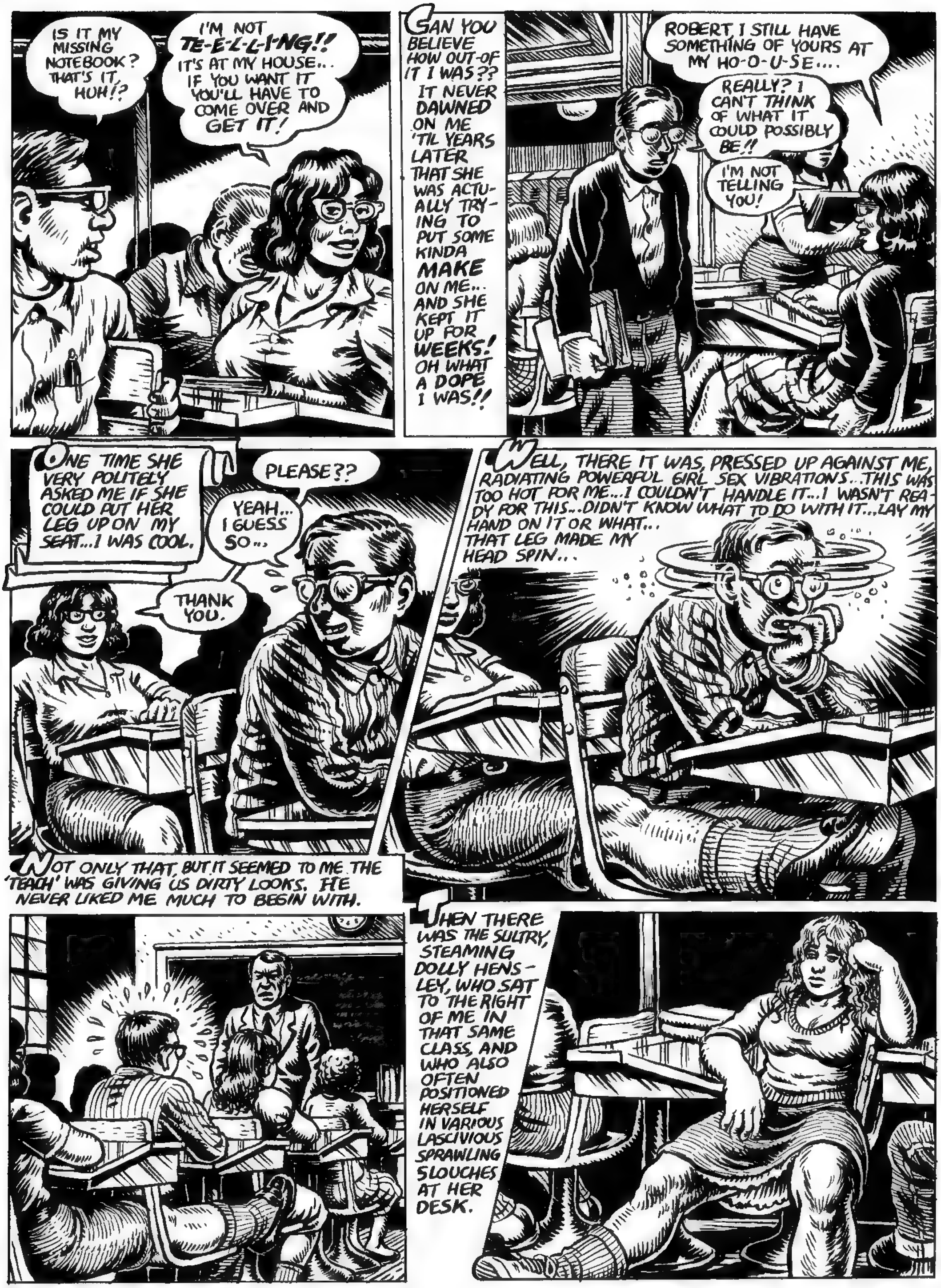

FOOD + EMOTIONS.. I FONDLY THINK OF PAST NURTURING... MY GRANDMA FANNY'S HOUSE
HERE'S SOME MONEY MY SWEET LOVE... GET SOME BAGELS + LOX AT SCHILOWITZ'S + GET A TREAT FOR YA-SELF... I'LL FINISH MY CLEANING + THEN WE'LL EAT!!
OK NANNY I'LL BE BACK IN 15 MINITS
I'D LIKE A BLACK + WHITE COOKIE PLEASE..
HERE YA GO DEAH.. AN' SAY HULLO TO YUR GRANDMA FOR ME!
THANK YOU MRS. SCHILOWITZ... I WILL.........
I CRINGE WHEN I RECALL OTHER TIMES...
YA GAWD DAM ASS HOLE.. YA STOOPID MONSTAH!
SHUDDUP IN FRONT OF THE KID!
SCHMUCK!
GO GET YA-SELF A SANDWICH AT HERB'S. GET OUTA HERE!
I'D LIKE TA KILL YOU
FOOD IS SO POWERFUL... ITS ALMOST PSYCHEDELIC... A KALEIDASCOPE OF EATING + FEELING
VIN ROUGE
SUCH MEMORIES
BACK TO COUSIN IRENE'S.
OI MY ULCER IS ACTING UP AGAIN. IRENE.. GET THE MALOX... WIL YA PLEASE?
AWRIGHT.. I'M GOIN TA GET IT... I'M EXHAUSTED... I HAVE NO ENAHGEE.
HOW COME YOU LOOK SO HEALTHY?
YOU DON'T LOOK YUR AGE.
I DON'T FEEL TOO GREAT RIGHT NOW...
ONLY 39 YRS. OLD.. SAME AGE AS ME!
AHH! YOU LOOK FABULOUS!
SO SEVERAL DAYS LATER:
MMM.. I HEARD THAT DANDELIONS TASTE GOOD!
I HAFTO ADMIT I MISSED THIS SPARTAN LIFESTYLE!
SO I DON'T FIT IN.... I'M NOT A WHITE PERSON!!
BUT I HAVE LESS CELLULITE THAN MY COUSIN!
AND MY CHILD HAS BLONDE HAIR + LONG LEGS....
MAYBE I'M PART OF SOME.... EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS!!
...END..

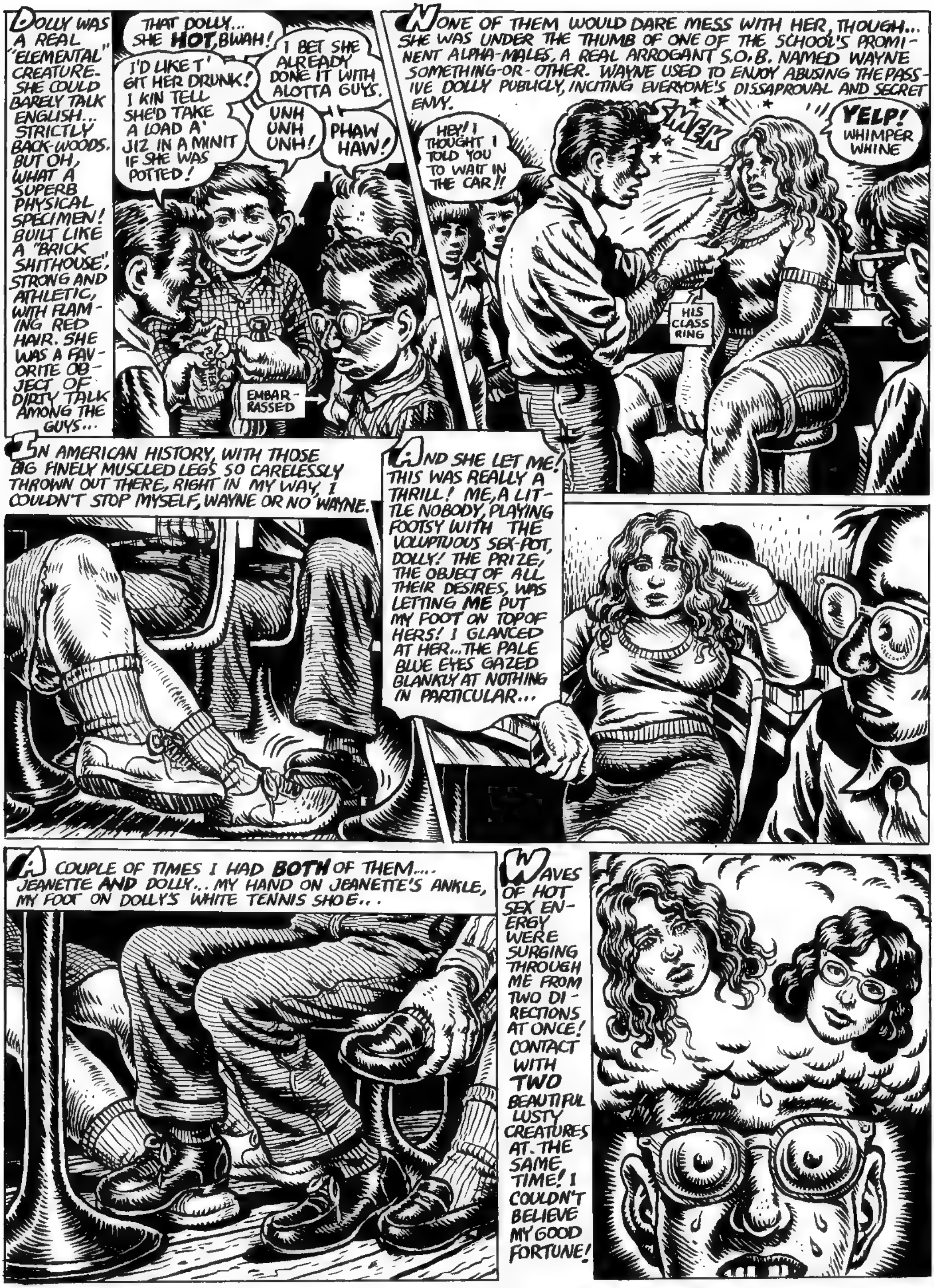
WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN I WAS IN LUST WITH CERTAIN GIRLS... I WANTED TO DO THINGS TO 'EM... I DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT... I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TALK TO 'EM OR ASK THEM OUT ON DATES OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT... BUT THERE WAS **ONE** THING I COULD DO... ONE FORM OF CONTACT I COULD MAKE WITH THEM; A SNEAKY LITTLE GAME CALLED...

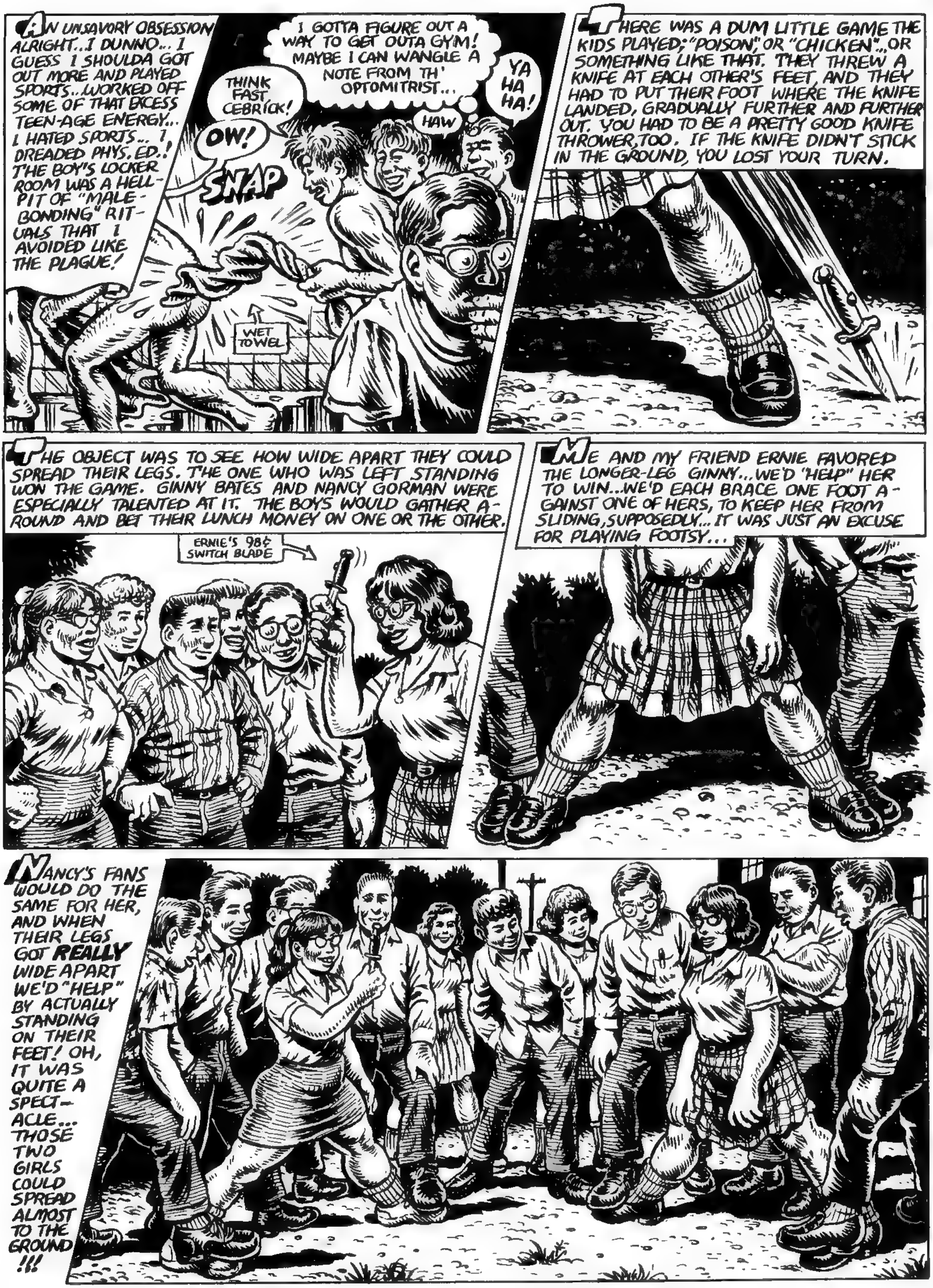

Footsy!!
THE TRUE STORY OF HOW I BECAME A TEEN-AGE SEX PERVERT!!
I STILL GET A THRILL WHEN I THINK BACK TO THOSE DISTANT DAYS IN THE SCHOOL YEAR 1956-'57... THE SULTRY AIR OF THE CLASSROOM THICK WITH THE SEETHING BODIES OF BLOSSOMING 13 AND 14 YEAR OLDS. THE BEAUTIFUL JEANETTE BATES SAT BEHIND ME IN AMERICAN HISTORY, HER GORGEOUS LEGS SPRAWLED CARELESSLY, SURROUNDING ME, ENGULFING ME, TWITCHING, PULSING, ALWAYS FIDGITING RESTLESSLY, DISTRACTING ME, DRIVING ME CRAZY!
R. CRUMB '87

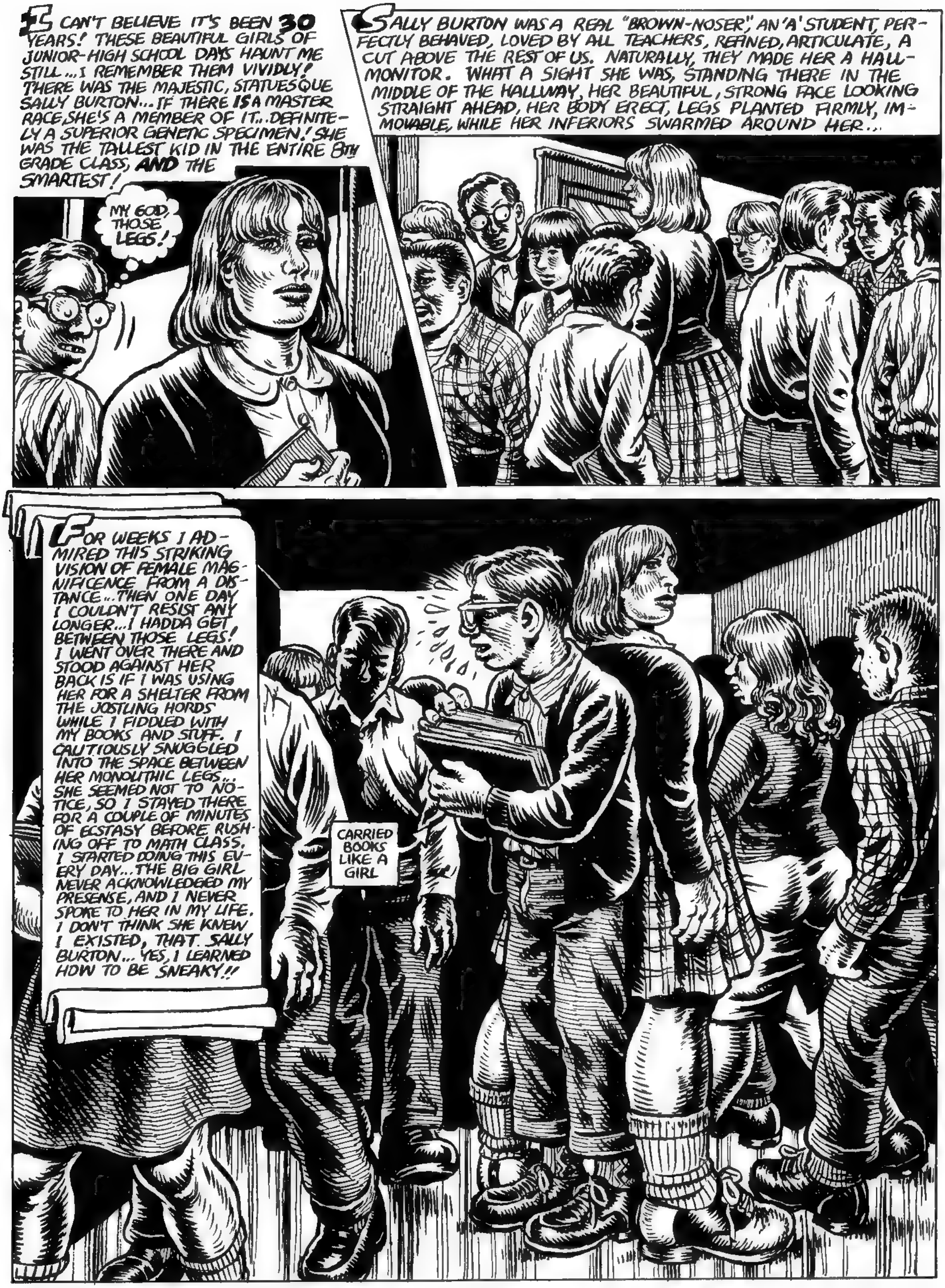

I WALKED THE STREETS OF THAT TOWN DREAMING OF JEANETTE BATES'S LEGS... I COULDN'T GET THEM OUT OF MY MIND!
I WONDER WONDER WHO MB'DAYOH WHO! WHO WROTE TH' BOOK OF LO-O-VE
WHAT I WAS LEARNING IN AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS WAS NOT JUST THAT THE CIVIL WAR WAS REALLY OVER "STATES RIGHTS," BUT THAT I COULD PRESS MY FEET AGAINST THE FEET OF JEANETTE BATES, AND SHE WOULDN'T PULL AWAY!! THIS WAS A MOST EXCITING REVELATION!!
I COULDN'T **WAIT** TO GET TO AMERICAN HISTORY TO MAKE THAT FOOT CONTACT WITH THE THROBBING, SQUIRMING EXTREMITIES OF THE LUSCIOUS 'GINNY.' SOON I DISCOVERED THAT SHE WOULD EVEN LET ME REST MY FEET RIGHT ON **TOP** OF HERS, SENDING JOLTS OF ELECTRIC SEX ENERGY THROUGH MY WHOLE BODY!!
A STRANGE ECSTACY WOULD WELL UP IN ME AND BECOME A SICKLY SWEET LUMP OF LUST IN MY THROAT. MY GLASSES WOULD START TO FOG OVER AND I'D FORGET WHERE I WAS...
OHHH
ANOTHER PROVOCATIVE POSITION SHE WOULD SIT IN WAS WITH HER LEGS CROSSED RIGHT NEXT TO ME... ONLY INCHES AWAY... SO CLOSE THAT I COULD FEEL THE HEAT RADIATING OFF OF THOSE VOLUPTUOUS SHINY LEGS!
SHE WOULD BOUNCE HER LEG UP AND DOWN NEXT TO ME THERE... SO CASUALLY, SO BRAZINLY... SO IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE!

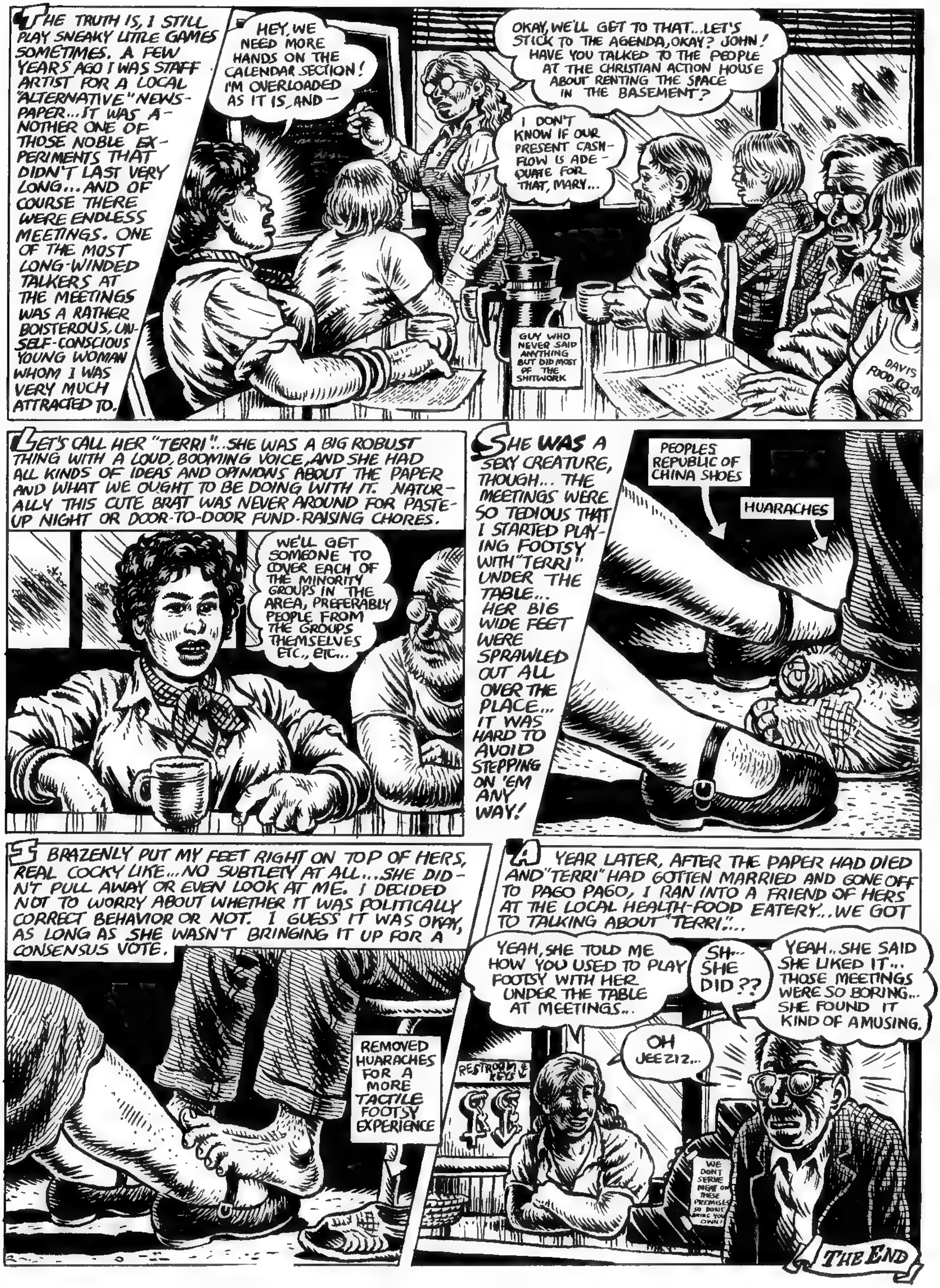

ONE DAY WHEN SHE HAD HER LEGS CROSSED NEXT TO ME LIKE THAT I SLOUCHED BACK AND PUT MY ARM OVER THE BACK OF MY CHAIR, ALL VERY COOL LIKE....IN THIS POSITION MY ARM WAS PRESSED UP AGAINST HER LEG... SHE DIDN'T MOVE ....AH, GOD, I WAS IN HEAVEN!!
I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT BEING CAUGHT AT THIS, BUT NOBODY SEEMED TO NOTICE, OR IF THEY DID, THEY DIDN'T LET ON.
DAY BY DAY I BECAME BOLDER. I BEGAN RESTING MY HAND NONCHALANTLY ON HER FOOT... LIMPLY, AS IF I WASN'T REALLY AWARE THAT IT WAS SOMEBODY'S FOOT!
THAT SEEMED FINE WITH HER, SO I STARTED ACTUALLY HOLDING HER FOOT, GENTLY GRIPPING HER ANKLE...IT FELT SO WARM... HOT EVEN! I WOULD FONDLE HER ANKLE, CARESSING IT GENTLY, ALL DURING AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS...
WE HARDLY EVER SPOKE TO EACH OTHER, BUT ONE DAY JEANETTE STARTED ACTING KIND OF FUNNY...
OH ROBERT!
HUH?
TAP TAP
I HAVE SOMETHING OF YOURS...
HUH?? WHAT IS IT??
I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU!


IS IT MY MISSING NOTEBOOK? THAT'S IT, HUH!?
I'M NOT TE-E-L-L-I-NG!! IT'S AT MY HOUSE... IF YOU WANT IT YOU'LL HAVE TO COME OVER AND GET IT!
CAN YOU BELIEVE HOW OUT-OF IT I WAS?? IT NEVER DAWNED ON ME 'TIL YEARS LATER THAT SHE WAS ACTUALLY TRYING TO PUT SOME KINDA MAKE ON ME... AND SHE KEPT IT UP FOR WEEKS! OH WHAT A DOPE I WAS!!
ROBERT I STILL HAVE SOMETHING OF YOURS AT MY HO-O-U-S-E....
REALLY? I CAN'T THINK OF WHAT IT COULD POSSIBLY BE!!
I'M NOT TELLING YOU!
ONE TIME SHE VERY POLITELY ASKED ME IF SHE COULD PUT HER LEG UP ON MY SEAT...I WAS COOL.
PLEASE??
YEAH... I GUESS SO...
THANK YOU.
WELL, THERE IT WAS, PRESSED UP AGAINST ME, RADIATING POWERFUL GIRL SEX VIBRATIONS...THIS WAS TOO HOT FOR ME...I COULDN'T HANDLE IT...I WASN'T READY FOR THIS...DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT...LAY MY HAND ON IT OR WHAT... THAT LEG MADE MY HEAD SPIN...
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IT SEEMED TO ME THE 'TEACH' WAS GIVING US DIRTY LOOKS. HE NEVER LIKED ME MUCH TO BEGIN WITH.
THEN THERE WAS THE SULTRY, STEAMING DOLLY HENSLEY, WHO SAT TO THE RIGHT OF ME IN THAT SAME CLASS, AND WHO ALSO OFTEN POSITIONED HERSELF IN VARIOUS LASCIVIOUS SPRAWLING SLOUCHES AT HER DESK.


DOLLY WAS A REAL "ELEMENTAL" CREATURE. SHE COULD BARELY TALK ENGLISH... STRICTLY BACK-WOODS. BUT OH, WHAT A SUPERB PHYSICAL SPECIMEN! BUILT LIKE A "BRICK SHITHOUSE", STRONG AND ATHLETIC, WITH FLAMING RED HAIR. SHE WAS A FAVORITE OBJECT OF DIRTY TALK AMONG THE GUYS...
THAT DOLLY... SHE HOT, BWAH!
I'D LIKE T' GIT HER DRUNK! I KIN TELL SHE'D TAKE A LOAD A' JIZ IN A MINIT IF SHE WAS POTTED!
I BET SHE ALREADY DONE IT WITH ALOTTA GUYS.
UNH UNH UNH!
PHAW HAW!
EMBARRASSED
NONE OF THEM WOULD DARE MESS WITH HER, THOUGH... SHE WAS UNDER THE THUMB OF ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S PROMINENT ALPHA-MALES, A REAL ARROGANT S.O.B. NAMED WAYNE SOMETHING-OR-OTHER. WAYNE USED TO ENJOY ABUSING THE PASSIVE DOLLY PUBLICLY, INCITING EVERYONE'S DISSAPROVAL AND SECRET ENVY.
HEY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR!!
SMEK
YELP! WHIMPER WHINE
HIS CLASS RING
IN AMERICAN HISTORY, WITH THOSE BIG FINELY MUSCLED LEGS SO CARELESSLY THROWN OUT THERE, RIGHT IN MY WAY, I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF, WAYNE OR NO WAYNE.
AND SHE LET ME! THIS WAS REALLY A THRILL! ME, A LITTLE NOBODY, PLAYING FOOTSY WITH THE VOLUPTUOUS SEX-POT, DOLLY! THE PRIZE, THE OBJECT OF ALL THEIR DESIRES, WAS LETTING ME PUT MY FOOT ON TOP OF HERS! I GLANCED AT HER... THE PALE BLUE EYES GAZED BLANKLY AT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR...
A COUPLE OF TIMES I HAD BOTH OF THEM.... JEANETTE AND DOLLY... MY HAND ON JEANETTE'S ANKLE, MY FOOT ON DOLLY'S WHITE TENNIS SHOE...
WAVES OF HOT SEX ENERGY WERE SURGING THROUGH ME FROM TWO DIRECTIONS AT ONCE! CONTACT WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL LUSTY CREATURES AT THE SAME TIME! I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY GOOD FORTUNE!


AN UNSAVORY OBSESSION ALRIGHT.. I DUNNO... I GUESS I SHOULDA GOT OUT MORE AND PLAYED SPORTS...WORKED OFF SOME OF THAT EXCESS TEEN-AGE ENERGY... I HATED SPORTS... I DREADED PHYS. ED.! THE BOY'S LOCKER ROOM WAS A HELL-PIT OF "MALE-BONDING" RITUALS THAT I AVOIDED LIKE THE PLAGUE!
I GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET OUTA GYM! MAYBE I CAN WANGLE A NOTE FROM TH' OPTOMITRIST...
THINK FAST, CEBRICK!
YA HA HA!
HAW
OW!
SNAP
WET TOWEL
THERE WAS A DUM LITTLE GAME THE KIDS PLAYED; "POISON", OR "CHICKEN"..., OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. THEY THREW A KNIFE AT EACH OTHER'S FEET, AND THEY HAD TO PUT THEIR FOOT WHERE THE KNIFE LANDED, GRADUALLY FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT. YOU HAD TO BE A PRETTY GOOD KNIFE THROWER, TOO. IF THE KNIFE DIDN'T STICK IN THE GROUND, YOU LOST YOUR TURN.
THE OBJECT WAS TO SEE HOW WIDE APART THEY COULD SPREAD THEIR LEGS. THE ONE WHO WAS LEFT STANDING WON THE GAME. GINNY BATES AND NANCY GORMAN WERE ESPECIALLY TALENTED AT IT. THE BOYS WOULD GATHER AROUND AND BET THEIR LUNCH MONEY ON ONE OR THE OTHER.
ERNIE'S 98¢ SWITCH BLADE
ME AND MY FRIEND ERNIE FAVORED THE LONGER-LEG GINNY... WE'D "HELP" HER TO WIN...WE'D EACH BRACE ONE FOOT AGAINST ONE OF HERS, TO KEEP HER FROM SLIDING, SUPPOSEDLY... IT WAS JUST AN EXCUSE FOR PLAYING FOOTSY...
NANCY'S FANS WOULD DO THE SAME FOR HER, AND WHEN THEIR LEGS GOT REALLY WIDE APART WE'D "HELP" BY ACTUALLY STANDING ON THEIR FEET! OH, IT WAS QUITE A SPECTACLE... THOSE TWO GIRLS COULD SPREAD ALMOST TO THE GROUND!!!

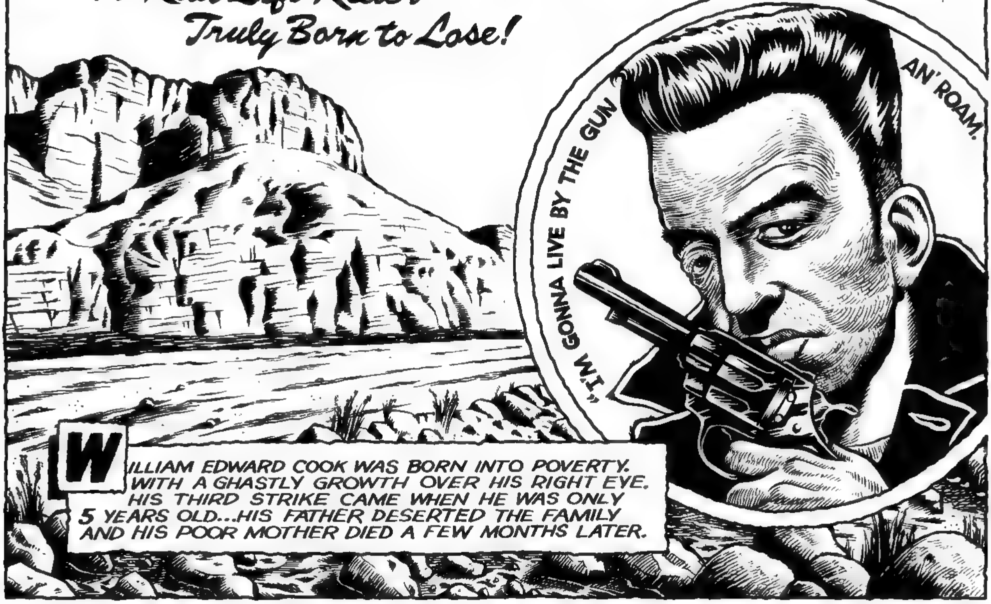

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S BEEN 30 YEARS! THESE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS OF JUNIOR-HIGH SCHOOL DAYS HAUNT ME STILL...I REMEMBER THEM VIVIDLY! THERE WAS THE MAJESTIC, STATUESQUE SALLY BURTON... IF THERE IS A MASTER RACE, SHE'S A MEMBER OF IT...DEFINITELY A SUPERIOR GENETIC SPECIMEN! SHE WAS THE TALLEST KID IN THE ENTIRE 8TH GRADE CLASS, AND THE SMARTEST!
MY GOD, THOSE LEGS!
SALLY BURTON WAS A REAL "BROWN-NOSER," AN 'A' STUDENT, PERFECTLY BEHAVED, LOVED BY ALL TEACHERS, REFINED, ARTICULATE, A CUT ABOVE THE REST OF US. NATURALLY, THEY MADE HER A HALL-MONITOR. WHAT A SIGHT SHE WAS, STANDING THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HALLWAY, HER BEAUTIFUL, STRONG FACE LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD, HER BODY ERECT, LEGS PLANTED FIRMLY, IMMOVABLE, WHILE HER INFERIORS SWARMED AROUND HER...
FOR WEEKS I ADMIRED THIS STRIKING VISION OF FEMALE MAGNIFICENCE FROM A DISTANCE...THEN ONE DAY I COULDN'T RESIST ANY LONGER...I HADDA GET BETWEEN THOSE LEGS! I WENT OVER THERE AND STOOD AGAINST HER BACK IS IF I WAS USING HER FOR A SHELTER FROM THE JOSTLING HORDS WHILE I FIDDLED WITH MY BOOKS AND STUFF. I CAUTIOUSLY SNUGGLED INTO THE SPACE BETWEEN HER MONOLITHIC LEGS... SHE SEEMED NOT TO NOTICE, SO I STAYED THERE FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES OF ECSTASY BEFORE RUSHING OFF TO MATH CLASS. I STARTED DOING THIS EVERY DAY...THE BIG GIRL NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED MY PRESENSE, AND I NEVER SPOKE TO HER IN MY LIFE. I DON'T THINK SHE KNEW I EXISTED, THAT SALLY BURTON... YES, I LEARNED HOW TO BE SNEAKY!!
CARRIED BOOKS LIKE A GIRL


THE TRUTH IS, I STILL PLAY SNEAKY LITTLE GAMES SOMETIMES. A FEW YEARS AGO I WAS STAFF ARTIST FOR A LOCAL "ALTERNATIVE" NEWSPAPER...IT WAS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NOBLE EXPERIMENTS THAT DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG...AND OF COURSE THERE WERE ENDLESS MEETINGS. ONE OF THE MOST LONG-WINDED TALKERS AT THE MEETINGS WAS A RATHER BOISTEROUS, UNSELF-CONSCIOUS YOUNG WOMAN WHOM I WAS VERY MUCH ATTRACTED TO.
HEY, WE NEED MORE HANDS ON THE CALENDAR SECTION! I'M OVERLOADED AS IT IS, AND—
OKAY, WE'LL GET TO THAT...LET'S STICK TO THE AGENDA, OKAY? JOHN! HAVE YOU TALKED TO THE PEOPLE AT THE CHRISTIAN ACTION HOUSE ABOUT RENTING THE SPACE IN THE BASEMENT?
I DON'T KNOW IF OUR PRESENT CASH-FLOW IS ADEQUATE FOR THAT, MARY...
GUY WHO NEVER SAID ANYTHING BUT DID MOST OF THE SHITWORK
DAVIS FOOD CO-OP
LET'S CALL HER "TERRI"...SHE WAS A BIG ROBUST THING WITH A LOUD, BOOMING VOICE, AND SHE HAD ALL KINDS OF IDEAS AND OPINIONS ABOUT THE PAPER AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO BE DOING WITH IT. NATURALLY THIS CUTE BRAT WAS NEVER AROUND FOR PASTE-UP NIGHT OR DOOR-TO-DOOR FUND-RAISING CHORES.
WE'LL GET SOMEONE TO COVER EACH OF THE MINORITY GROUPS IN THE AREA, PREFERABLY PEOPLE FROM THE GROUPS THEMSELVES ETC., ETC...
SHE WAS A SEXY CREATURE, THOUGH... THE MEETINGS WERE SO TEDIOUS THAT I STARTED PLAYING FOOTSY WITH "TERRI" UNDER THE TABLE... HER BIG WIDE FEET WERE SPRAWLED OUT ALL OVER THE PLACE... IT WAS HARD TO AVOID STEPPING ON 'EM ANY WAY!
PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA SHOES
HUARACHES
I BRAZENLY PUT MY FEET RIGHT ON TOP OF HERS, REAL COCKY LIKE...NO SUBTLETY AT ALL...SHE DIDN'T PULL AWAY OR EVEN LOOK AT ME. I DECIDED NOT TO WORRY ABOUT WHETHER IT WAS POLITICALLY CORRECT BEHAVIOR OR NOT. I GUESS IT WAS OKAY, AS LONG AS SHE WASN'T BRINGING IT UP FOR A CONSENSUS VOTE.
REMOVED HUARACHES FOR A MORE TACTILE FOOTSY EXPERIENCE
A YEAR LATER, AFTER THE PAPER HAD DIED AND "TERRI" HAD GOTTEN MARRIED AND GONE OFF TO PAGO PAGO, I RAN INTO A FRIEND OF HERS AT THE LOCAL HEALTH-FOOD EATERY...WE GOT TO TALKING ABOUT "TERRI"...
YEAH, SHE TOLD ME HOW YOU USED TO PLAY FOOTSY WITH HER UNDER THE TABLE AT MEETINGS...
SH- SHE DID??
YEAH...SHE SAID SHE LIKED IT... THOSE MEETINGS WERE SO BORING... SHE FOUND IT KIND OF AMUSING.
OH JEEZIZ...
RESTROOM KEYS
WE DONT SERVE MEAT ON THESE PREMISES SO DONT BRING YOUR OWN!
THE END

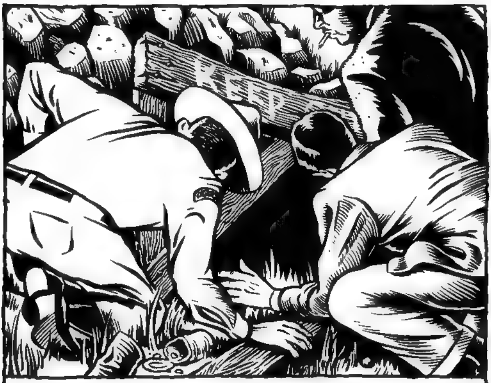
the "Cockeyed" Cook STORY

© 1987 by ZINGARELLI

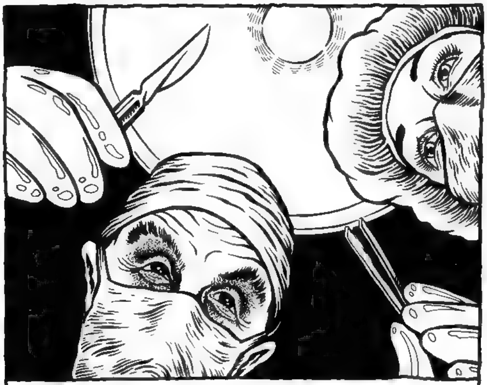
A Real-Life Killer Truly Born to Lose!


"I'M GONNA LIVE BY THE GUN AN' ROAM."

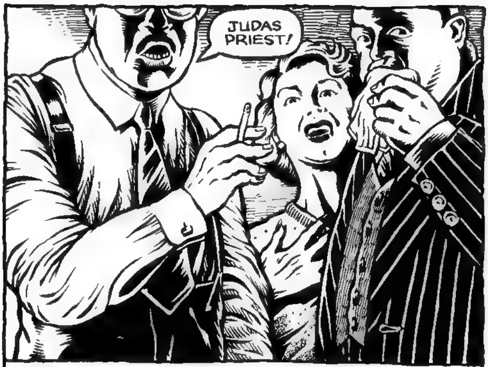
WILLIAM EDWARD COOK WAS BORN INTO POVERTY. WITH A GHASTLY GROWTH OVER HIS RIGHT EYE. HIS THIRD STRIKE CAME WHEN HE WAS ONLY 5 YEARS OLD...HIS FATHER DESERTED THE FAMILY AND HIS POOR MOTHER DIED A FEW MONTHS LATER.



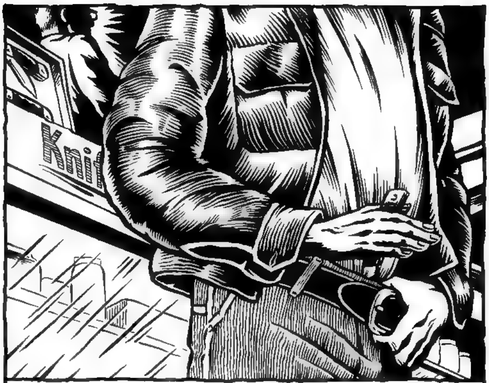
AUTHORITIES FOUND LITTLE BILLY AND HIS SEVEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN A DESERTED MINE SHAFT LIVING LIKE DESPERATE, WILD ANIMALS.



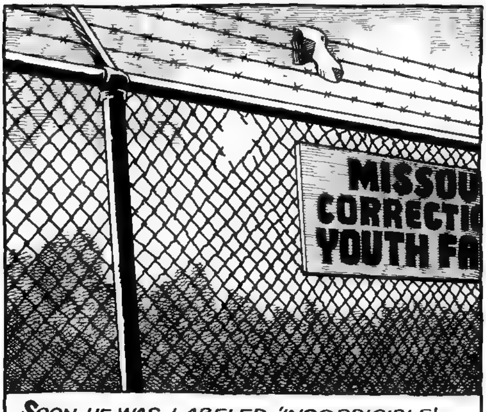
FOSTER HOMES WERE HARD TO FIND FOR A KID WHO LOOKED LIKE A MONSTER, SO A KIND-HEARTED WELFARE DOCTOR OPERATED ON BILLY'S DISFIGURED FACE.


JUDAS PRIEST!

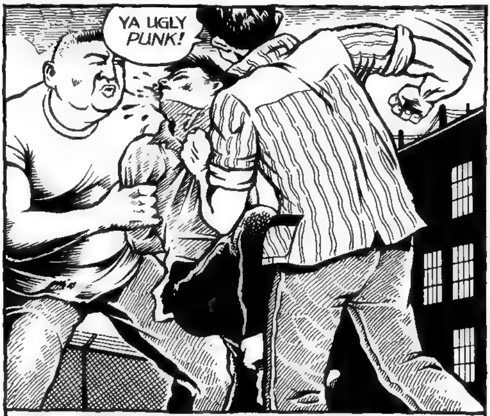
FOR THE REST OF HIS SHORT LIFE, THE HAPHAZARD SURGERY LEFT COOK WITH A HAUNTING, LEERING RIGHT EYE THAT DROOPED, SCARIN' THE BEJEEZUS OUT OF GIRLS AND PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYERS.



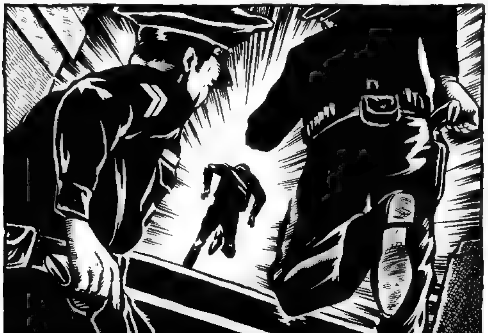
IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT YOUNG COOK, SPURNED AND RIDICULED BY HIS PEERS, TURNED TO PETTY CRIME. SOME SAY HE STOLE FOR NO APPARENT REASON.



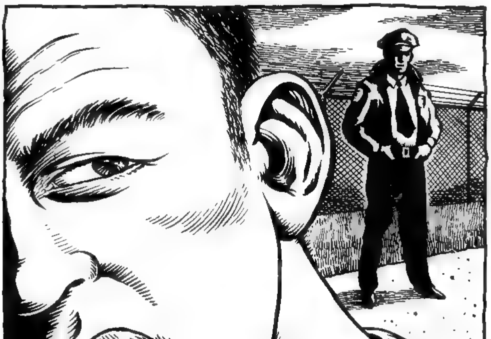
SOON HE WAS LABELED 'INCORRIGIBLE' AND SENT TO A MISSOURI STATE REFORM SCHOOL FOR A YEAR.


YA UGLY PUNK!

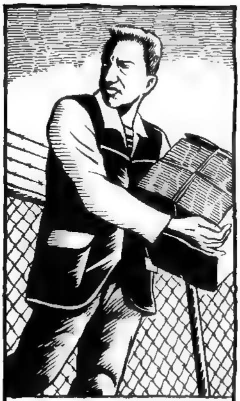
THERE HE MET OTHER JUVIES... SOME EVEN ANGRIER THAN HIM.



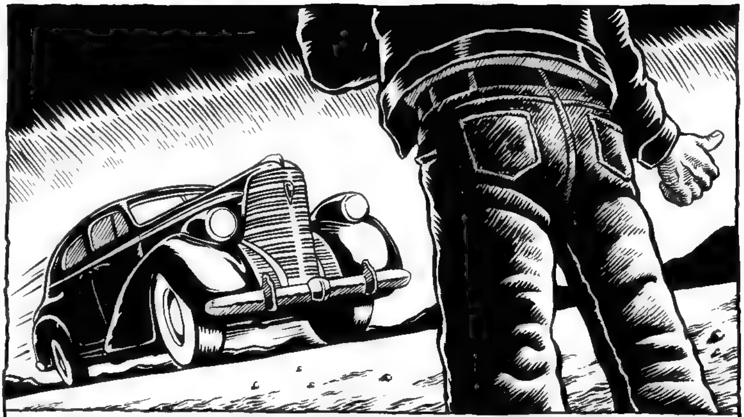
HIS FIRST SENTENCE SERVED, BILLY'S OLDER SISTER CLAIMED HIM, BUT IN A FEW SHORT MONTHS HE'D CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE TO BE SENT BACK... THIS TIME FOR **FIVE** YEARS.



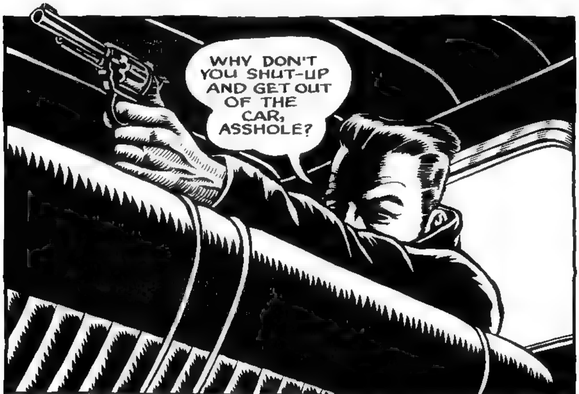
COOK'S BITTERNESS AND HATRED FOR AUTHORITY INTENSIFIED DURING THIS STRETCH AND SOME SAY ANY HOPE FOR A FUTURE AMONG 'REG'LAR FOLK' WAS DASHED.



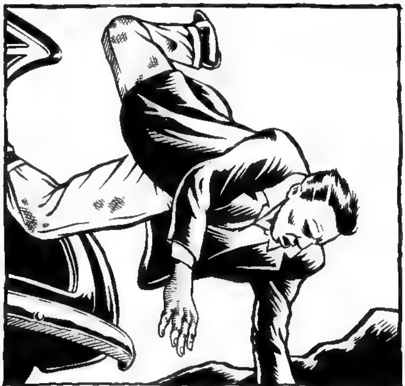
UPON RELEASE, HE SWORE HE'D NEVER BE SENT BACK.



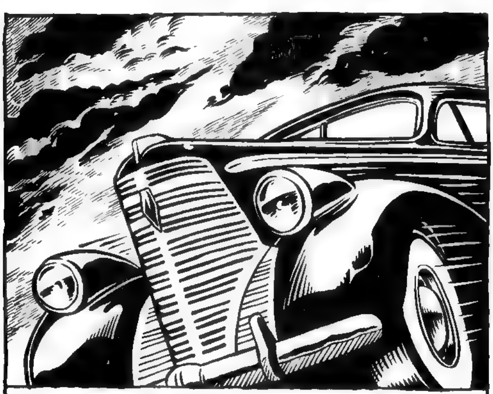
ON DECEMBER 30, 1950, A MOTORIST INNOCENTLY STOPS TO PICK-UP A HITCH-HIKER SOMEWHERE NEAR LUBBOCK, TEXAS.


WHY DON'T YOU SHUT-UP AND GET OUT OF THE CAR, ASSHOLE?

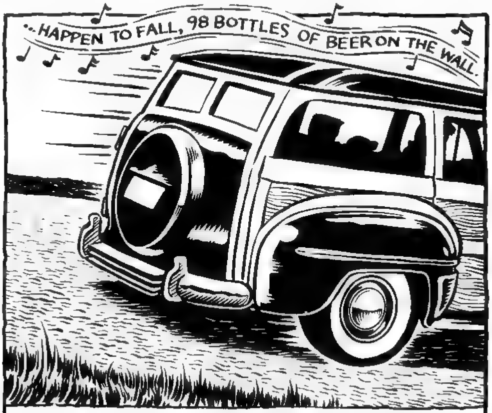
BILLY TELLS THE DRIVER THAT HE WANTS TO GO TO JOPLIN, MISSOURI - 275 MILES AWAY. THE DRIVER LAUGHED, SO BILLY SHOWS HIM THE GUN AND FORCES HIM INTO THE CRAMPED REAR TRUNK.



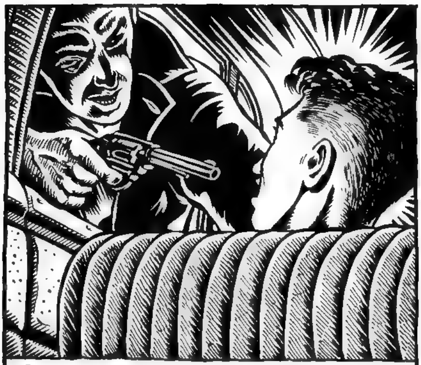
FATE ALLOWS THE MAN TO PRY OPEN THE TRUNK AND ESCAPE. LATER, HE WILL DISCOVER JUST HOW LUCKY HE WAS.



HIS WOULD-BE VICTIM GONE, BILLY DRIVES NORTH TO ROUTE 66 WHERE HE DITCHES THE CAR. HE'S RESTLESS AND IN SEARCH OF DIFFERENT KICKS AND NEW PREY...

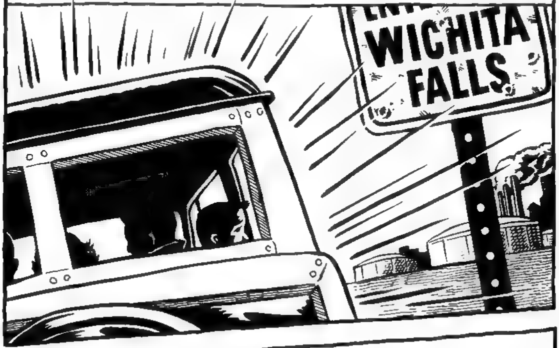

...HAPPEN TO FALL, 98 BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL.

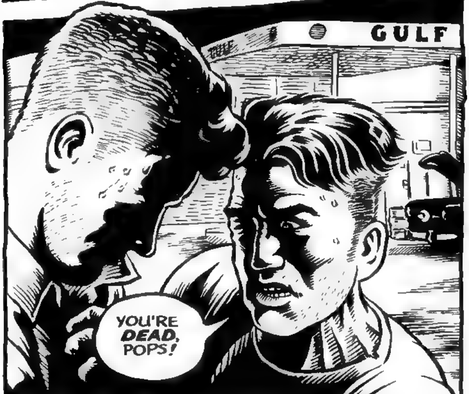
THE VACATIONING MOSSER FAMILY, CARL, THELMA, THEIR 3 CHILDREN AND A FAMILY DOG WERE ON THEIR WAY TO NEW MEXICO.



BILLY FLAGS DOWN THE MOSSER CAR, THEN SHOVES HIS GUN INTO CARL'S SURPRISED FACE. BILLY ORDERS CARL TO HEAD WEST.

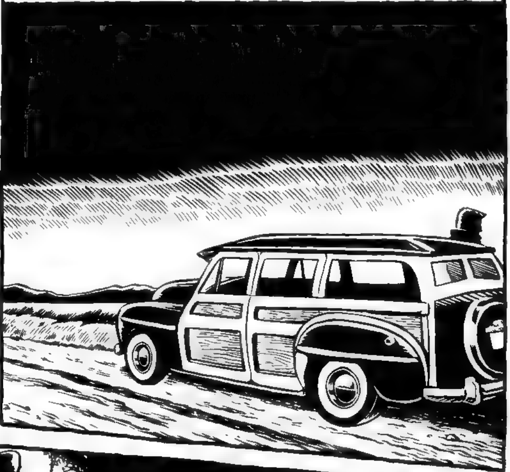
FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS MOSSER FOLLOWS THE GUNMAN'S AIMLESS DIRECTIONS TO CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO, TO EL PASO, TO HOUSTON, AND FINALLY TO WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.

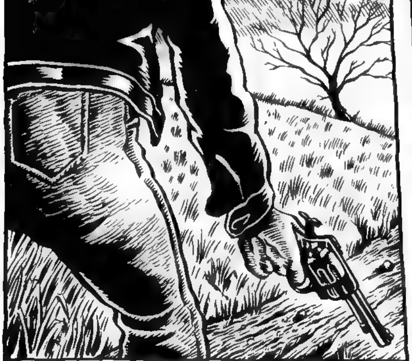




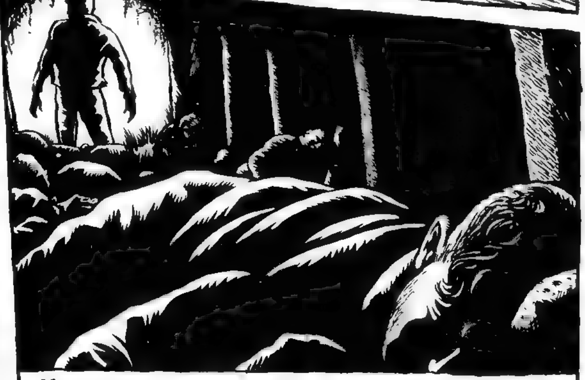
AT A WICHITA FALLS FILLING STATION MOSSER TRIES TO OVERPOWER COOK, BUT FAILS...

ENRAGED, BILLY FORCES CARL TO DRIVE EAST TO JOPLIN....ON A GRAVEL SHOULDER OF A LONELY ROAD IN MISSOURI. HE SHOOTS THE ENTIRE MOSSER FAMILY AT CLOSE RANGE.

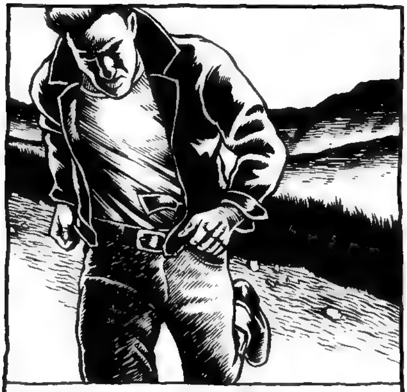




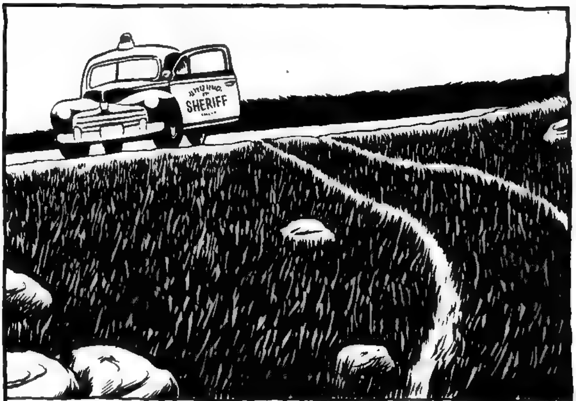
WITH THE LAST BULLET IN THE CYLINDER, HE KILLS THE DOG.



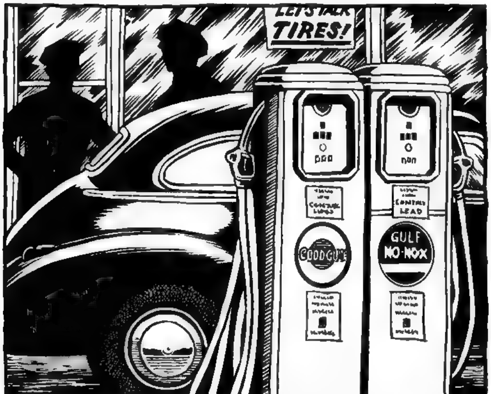
HE DUMPS THE CORPSES (OF THE FAMILY HE NEVER HAD) IN ANOTHER OLD MINE SHAFT NEAR HIS CHILDHOOD HOME.



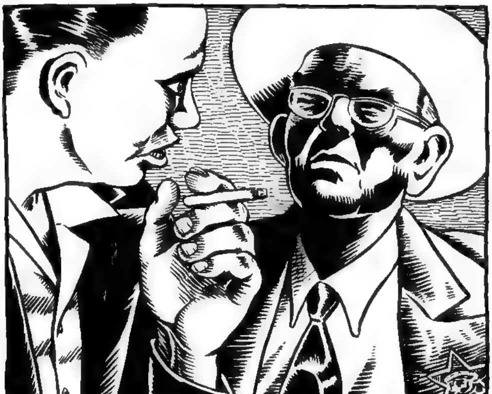
COOK ABANDONS THE MOSSER CAR AND HEADS WEST AGAIN... A GUN IN HIS BELT MAKES ANYTHING SEEM POSSIBLE.



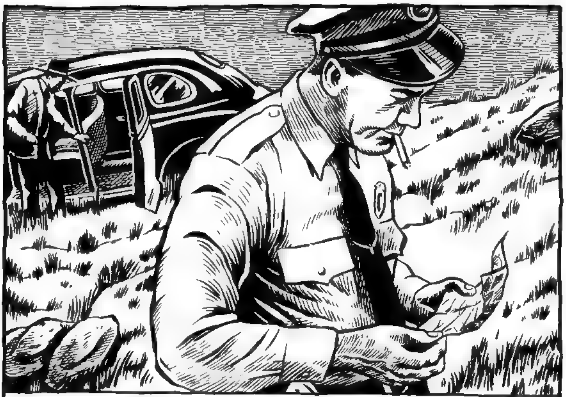
MEANWHILE...ON JANUARY 3, 1951, A SHERIFF DISCOVERS THE BULLET-RIDDLED AND BLOOD-STAINED CAR. HE TRACES IT TO CARL MOSSER.



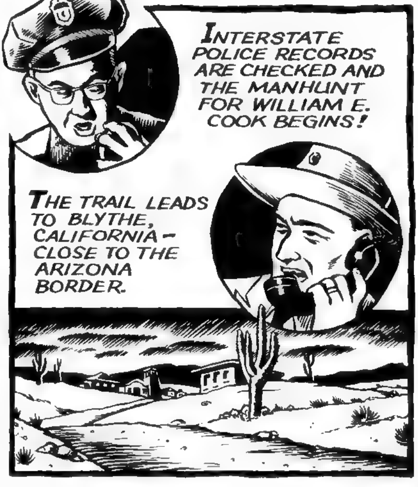
NEXT, THE GAS STATION ATTENDANT IN WICHITA FALLS RECOUNTS THE MOSSER-COOK STRUGGLE FOR THE LOCAL POLICE.



THE GUNMAN'S DESCRIPTION IS FURTHER CORROBORATED BY A MOTORIST WHO FLED FROM HIS STOLEN CAR'S TRUNK.

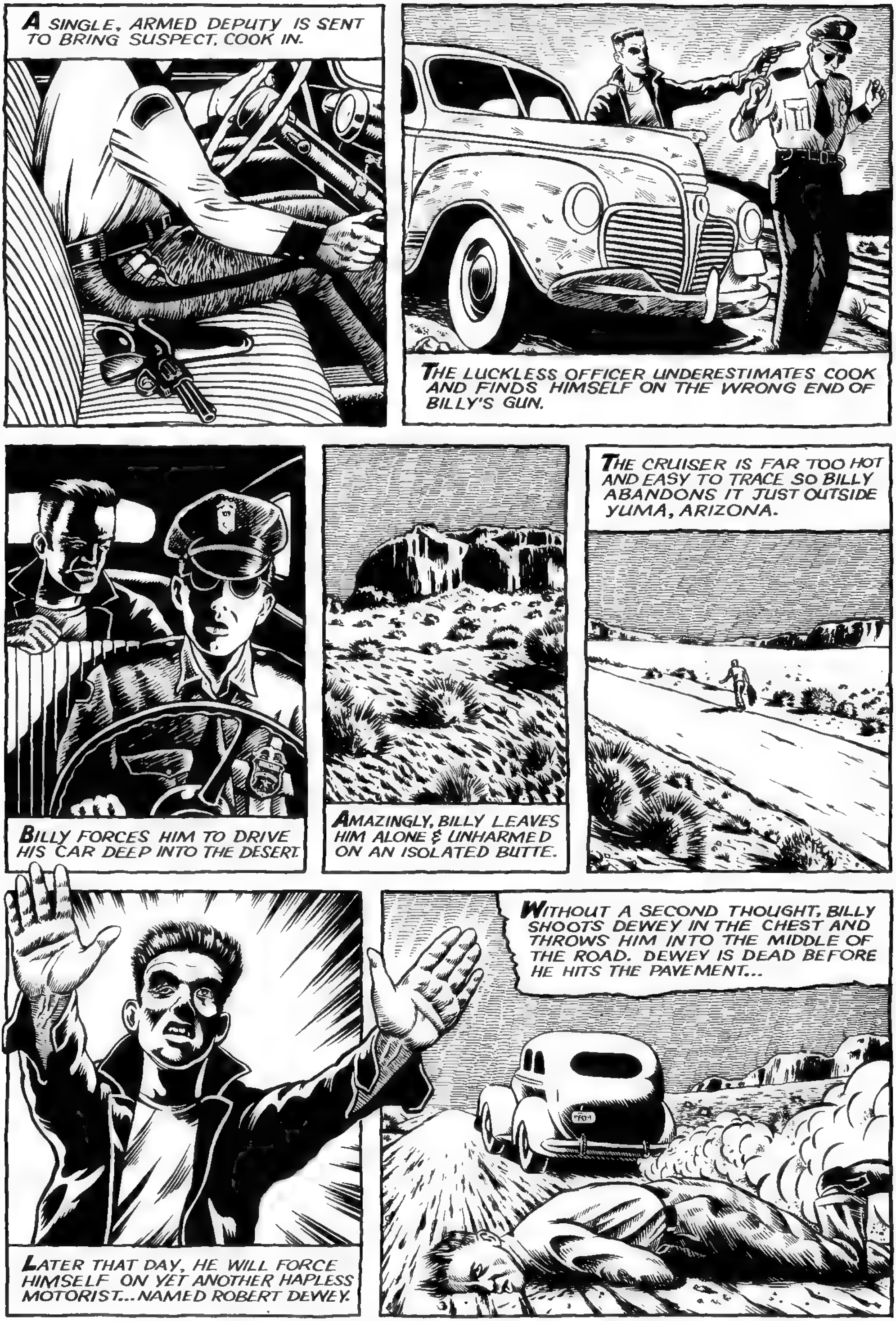


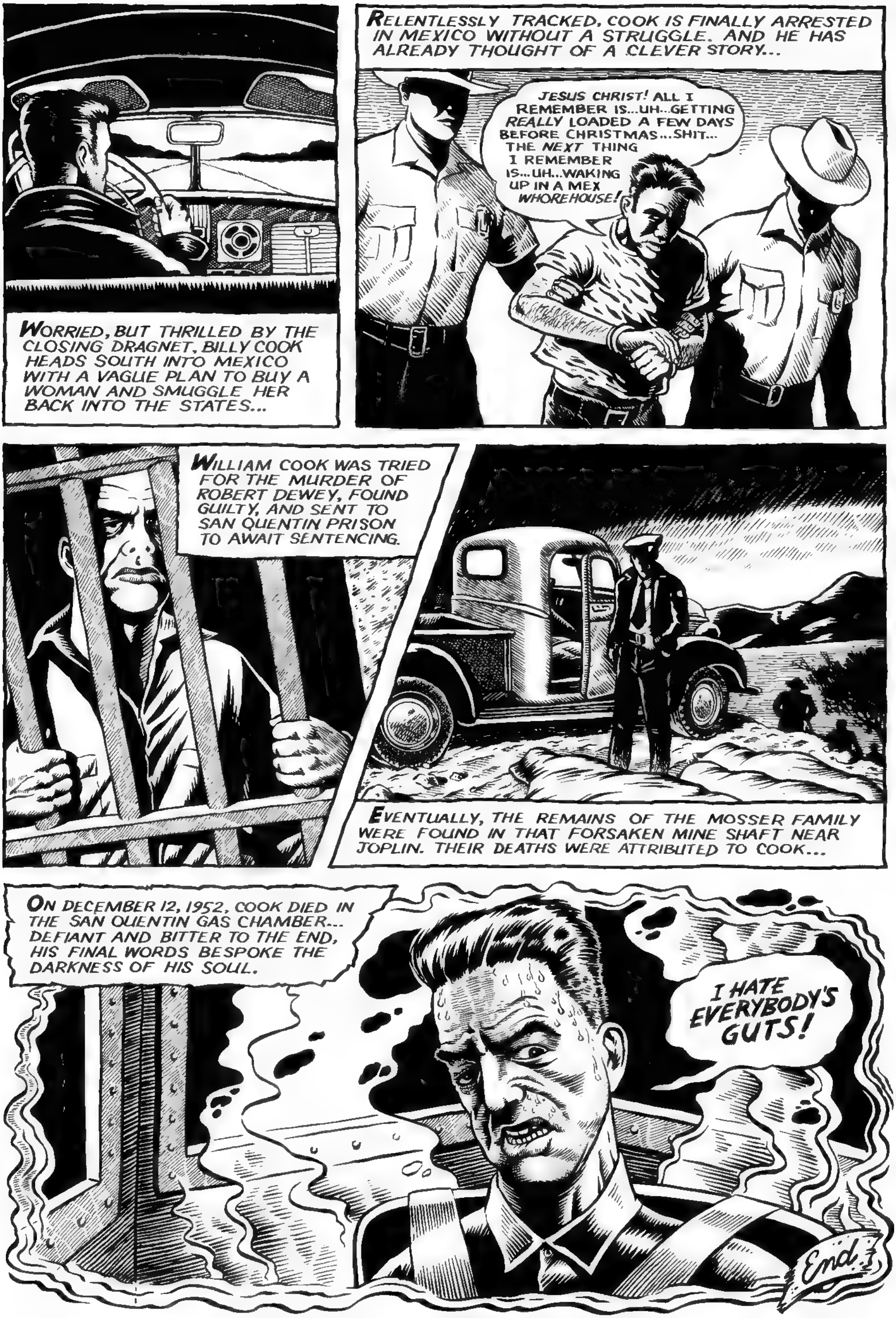
AND WHEN HIS CAR IS RECOVERED, A CRUMPLED RECEIPT FOR A HANDGUN PURCHASED IN EL PASO IS ALSO FOUND. IT'S MADE OUT TO W.E. COOK.

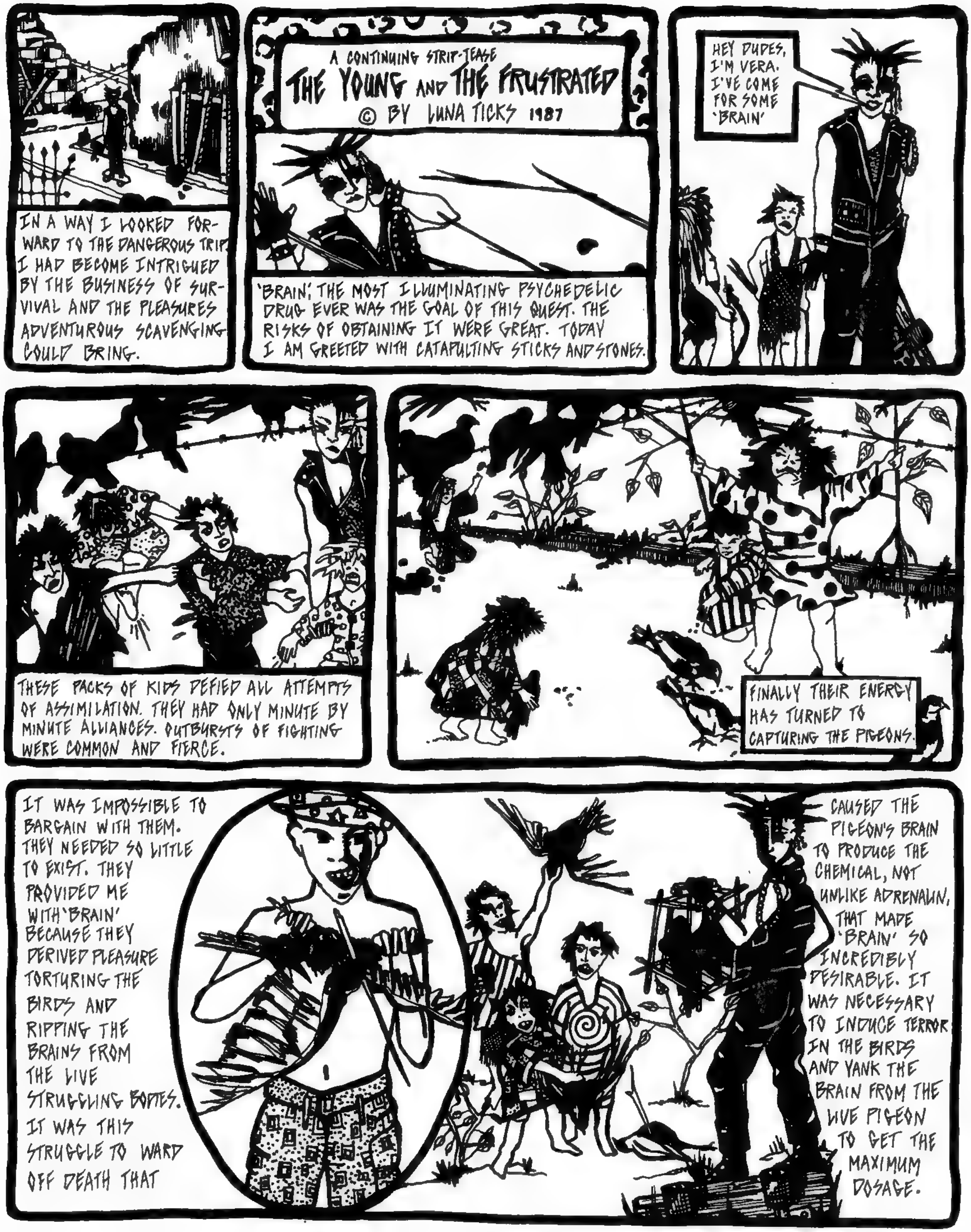


INTERSTATE POLICE RECORDS ARE CHECKED AND THE MANHUNT FOR WILLIAM E. COOK BEGINS!

THE TRAIL LEADS TO BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA – CLOSE TO THE ARIZONA BORDER.


A SINGLE, ARMED DEPUTY IS SENT TO BRING SUSPECT, COOK IN.
THE LUCKLESS OFFICER UNDERESTIMATES COOK AND FINDS HIMSELF ON THE WRONG END OF BILLY'S GUN.
BILLY FORCES HIM TO DRIVE HIS CAR DEEP INTO THE DESERT.
AMAZINGLY, BILLY LEAVES HIM ALONE & UNHARMED ON AN ISOLATED BUTTE.
THE CRUISER IS FAR TOO HOT AND EASY TO TRACE SO BILLY ABANDONS IT JUST OUTSIDE YUMA, ARIZONA.
LATER THAT DAY, HE WILL FORCE HIMSELF ON YET ANOTHER HAPLESS MOTORIST...NAMED ROBERT DEWEY.
WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, BILLY SHOOTS DEWEY IN THE CHEST AND THROWS HIM INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. DEWEY IS DEAD BEFORE HE HITS THE PAVEMENT...


WORRIED, BUT THRILLED BY THE CLOSING DRAGNET, BILLY COOK HEADS SOUTH INTO MEXICO WITH A VAGUE PLAN TO BUY A WOMAN AND SMUGGLE HER BACK INTO THE STATES...
RELENTLESSLY TRACKED, COOK IS FINALLY ARRESTED IN MEXICO WITHOUT A STRUGGLE. AND HE HAS ALREADY THOUGHT OF A CLEVER STORY...
JESUS CHRIST! ALL I REMEMBER IS...UH...GETTING *REALLY* LOADED A FEW DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS...SHIT... THE *NEXT* THING I REMEMBER IS...UH...WAKING UP IN A MEX *WHOREHOUSE!*
WILLIAM COOK WAS TRIED FOR THE MURDER OF ROBERT DEWEY, FOUND GUILTY, AND SENT TO SAN QUENTIN PRISON TO AWAIT SENTENCING.
EVENTUALLY, THE REMAINS OF THE MOSSER FAMILY WERE FOUND IN THAT FORSAKEN MINE SHAFT NEAR JOPLIN. THEIR DEATHS WERE ATTRIBUTED TO COOK...
ON DECEMBER 12, 1952, COOK DIED IN THE SAN QUENTIN GAS CHAMBER... DEFIANT AND BITTER TO THE END, HIS FINAL WORDS BESPOKE THE DARKNESS OF HIS SOUL.
I HATE EVERYBODY'S GUTS!
End!


HEY DUDES, I'M VERA. I'VE COME FOR SOME 'BRAIN'

A CONTINUING STRIP-TEASE

THE YOUNG AND THE FRUSTRATED

© BY LUNA TICKS 1987

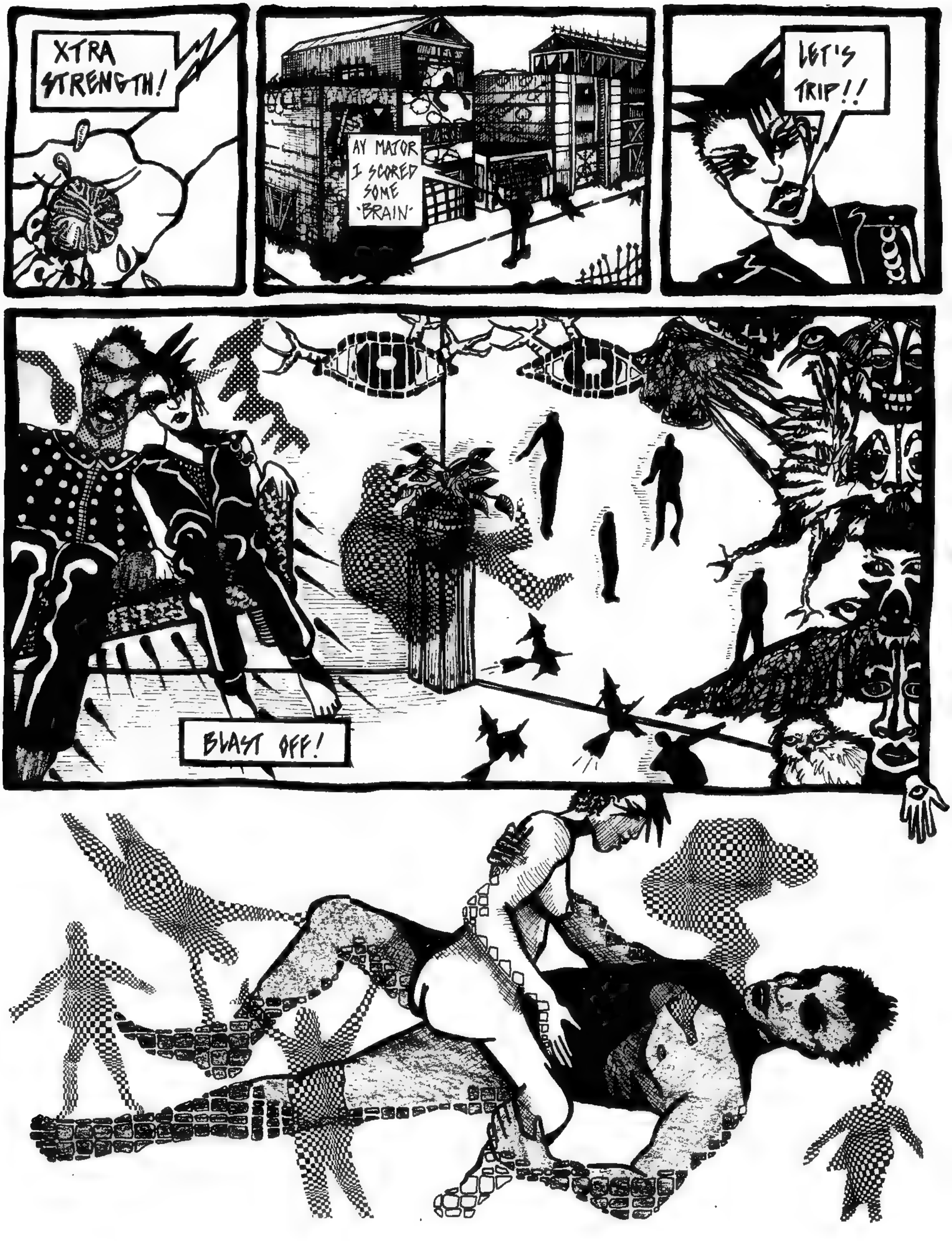
IN A WAY I LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DANGEROUS TRIP. I HAD BECOME INTRIGUED BY THE BUSINESS OF SURVIVAL AND THE PLEASURES ADVENTUROUS SCAVENGING COULD BRING.

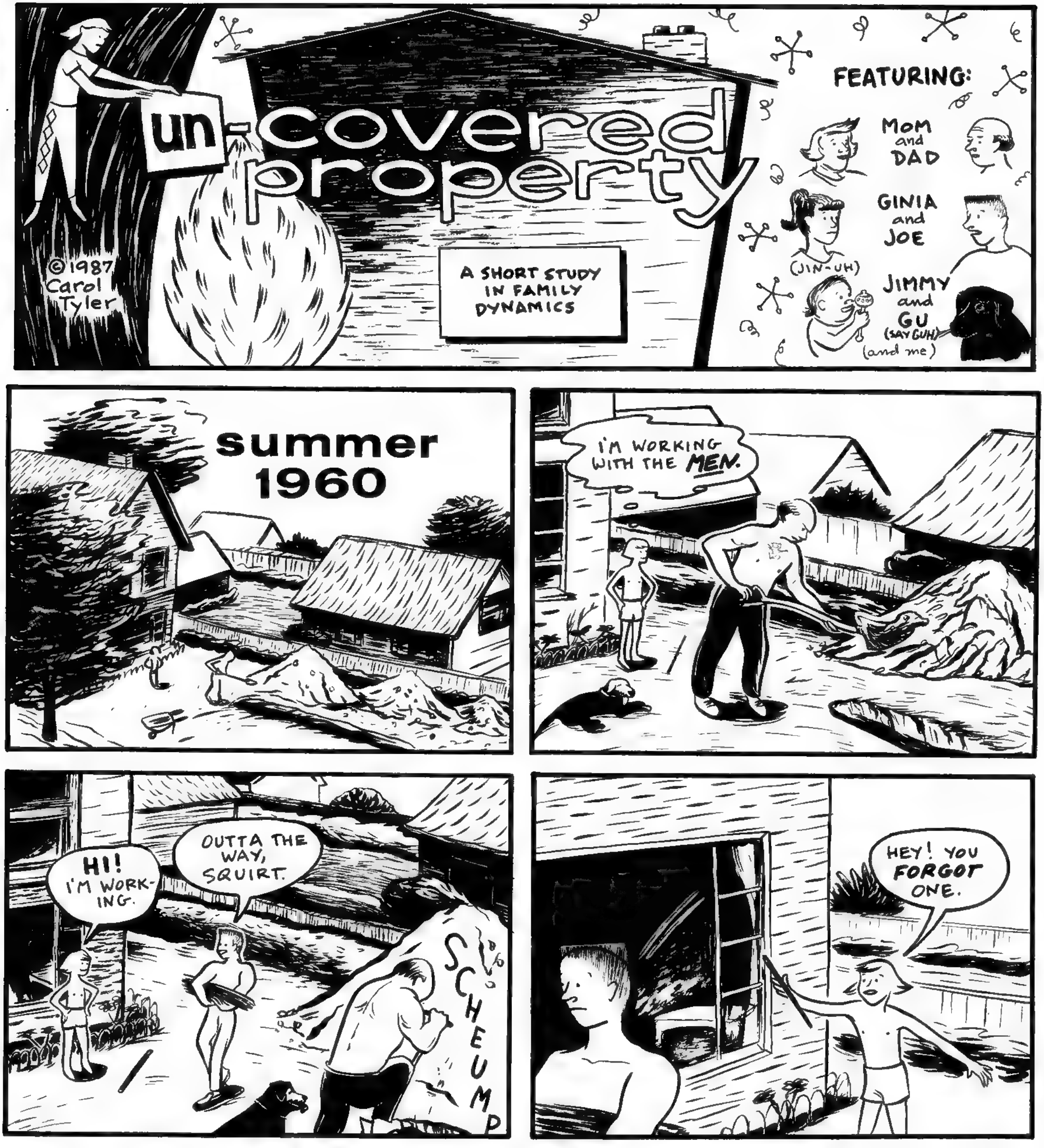
'BRAIN', THE MOST ILLUMINATING PSYCHEDELIC DRUG EVER WAS THE GOAL OF THIS QUEST. THE RISKS OF OBTAINING IT WERE GREAT. TODAY I AM GREETED WITH CATAPULTING STICKS AND STONES.

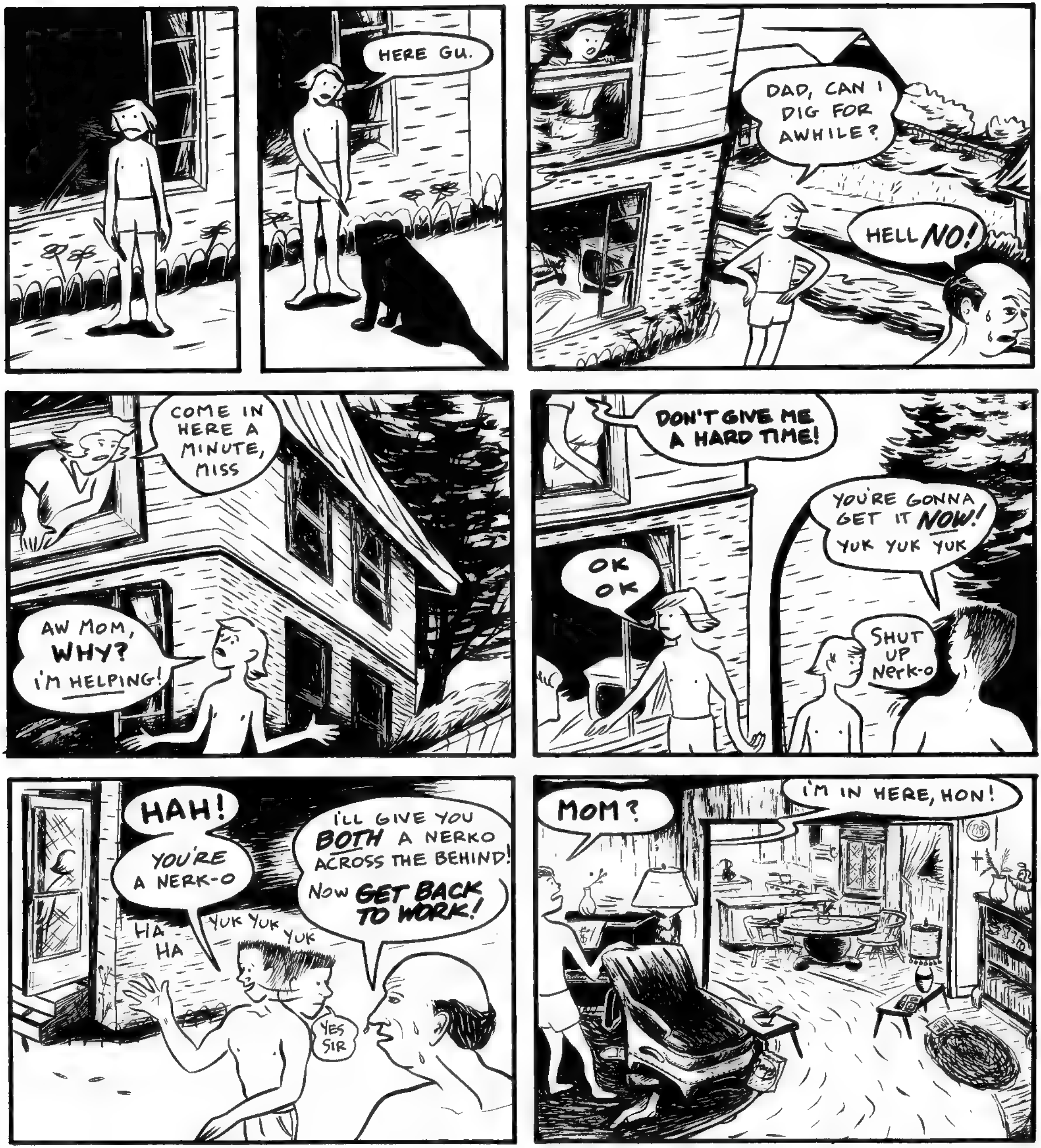
THESE PACKS OF KIDS DEFIED ALL ATTEMPTS OF ASSIMILATION. THEY HAD ONLY MINUTE BY MINUTE ALLIANCES. OUTBURSTS OF FIGHTING WERE COMMON AND FIERCE.

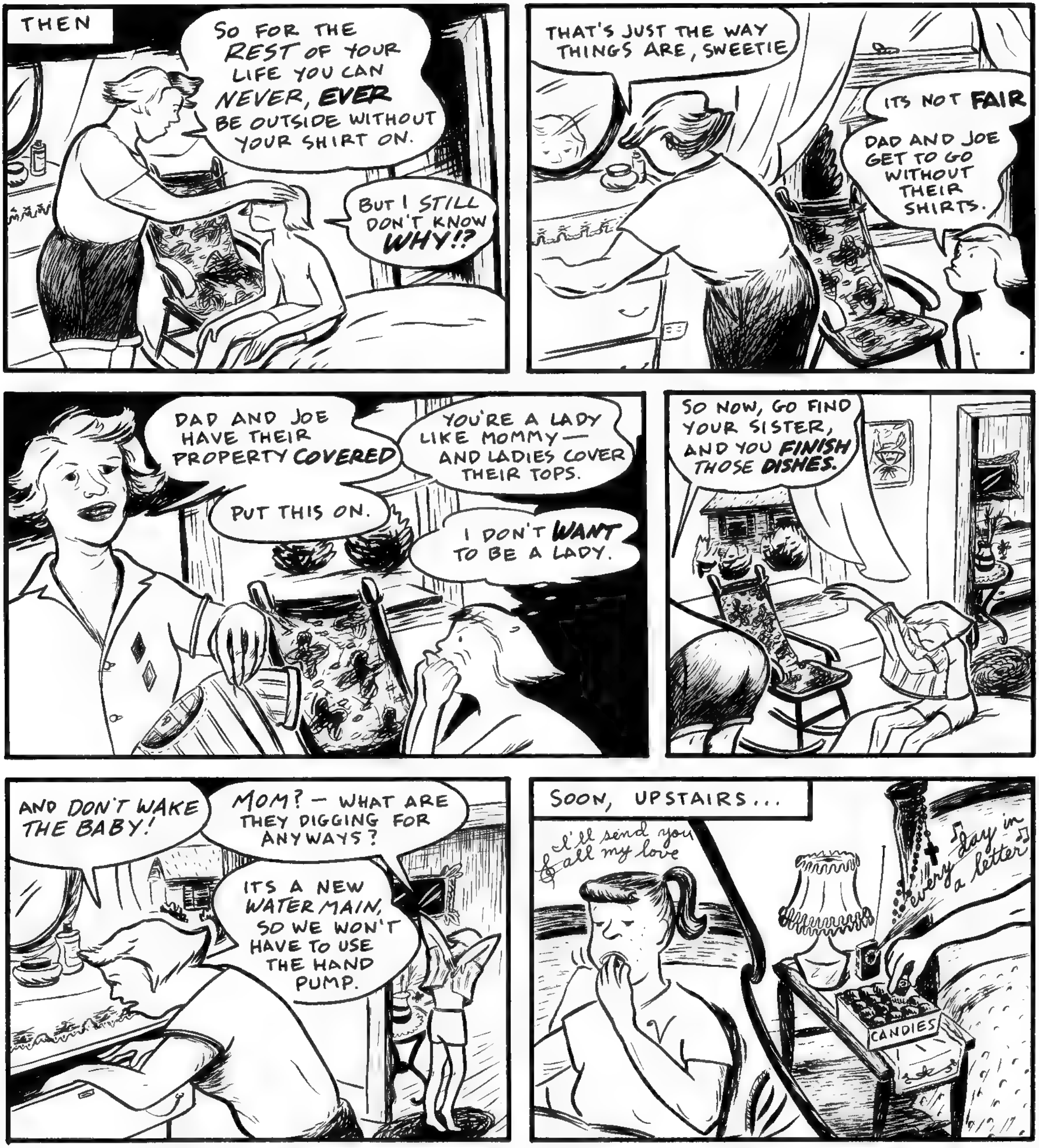
FINALLY THEIR ENERGY HAS TURNED TO CAPTURING THE PIGEONS.

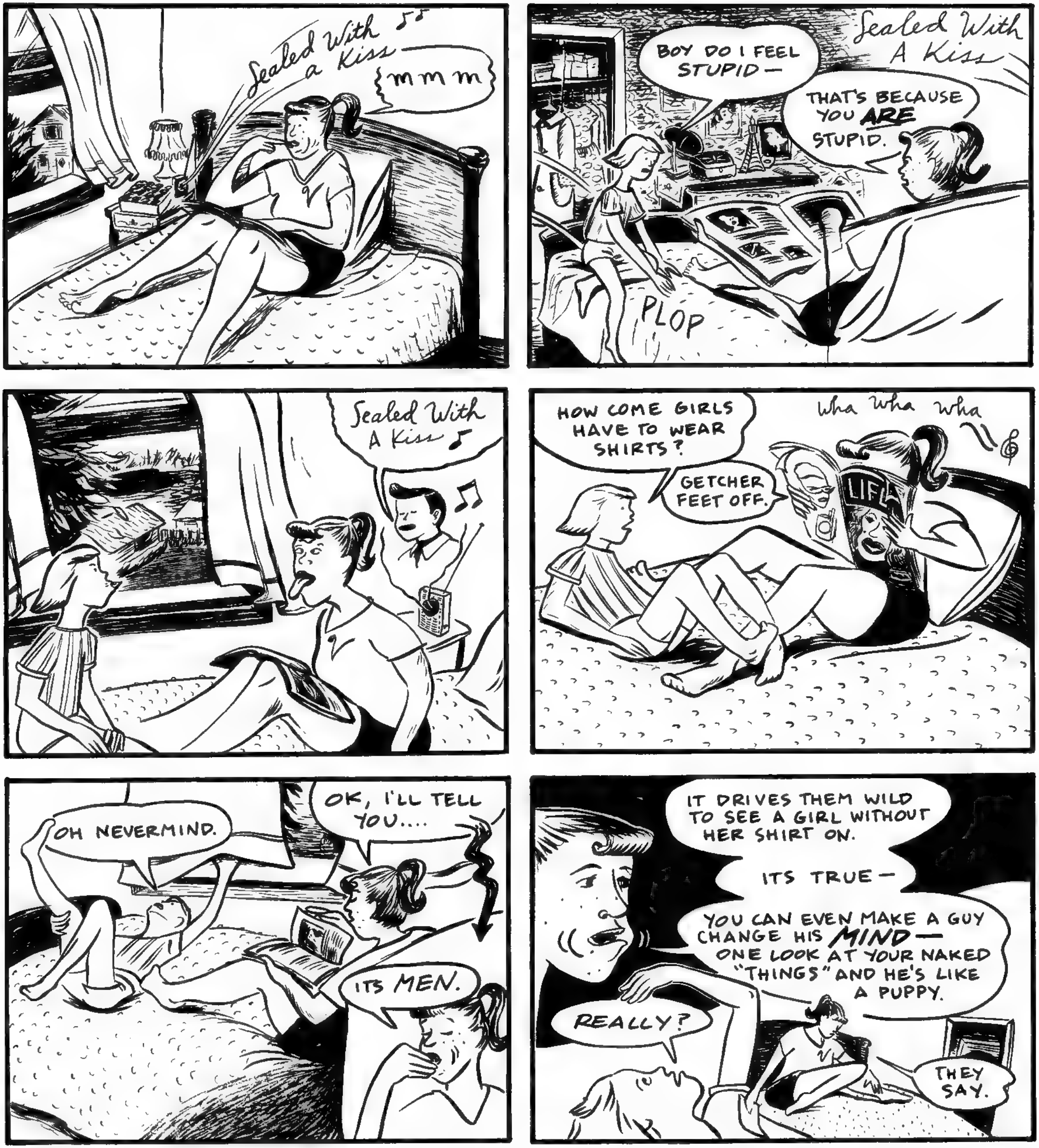
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO BARGAIN WITH THEM. THEY NEEDED SO LITTLE TO EXIST. THEY PROVIDED ME WITH 'BRAIN' BECAUSE THEY DERIVED PLEASURE TORTURING THE BIRDS AND RIPPING THE BRAINS FROM THE LIVE STRUGGLING BODIES. IT WAS THIS STRUGGLE TO WARD OFF DEATH THAT CAUSED THE PIGEON'S BRAIN TO PRODUCE THE CHEMICAL, NOT UNLIKE ADRENALIN, THAT MADE 'BRAIN' SO INCREDIBLY DESIRABLE. IT WAS NECESSARY TO INDUCE TERROR IN THE BIRDS AND YANK THE BRAIN FROM THE LIVE PIGEON TO GET THE MAXIMUM DOSAGE.

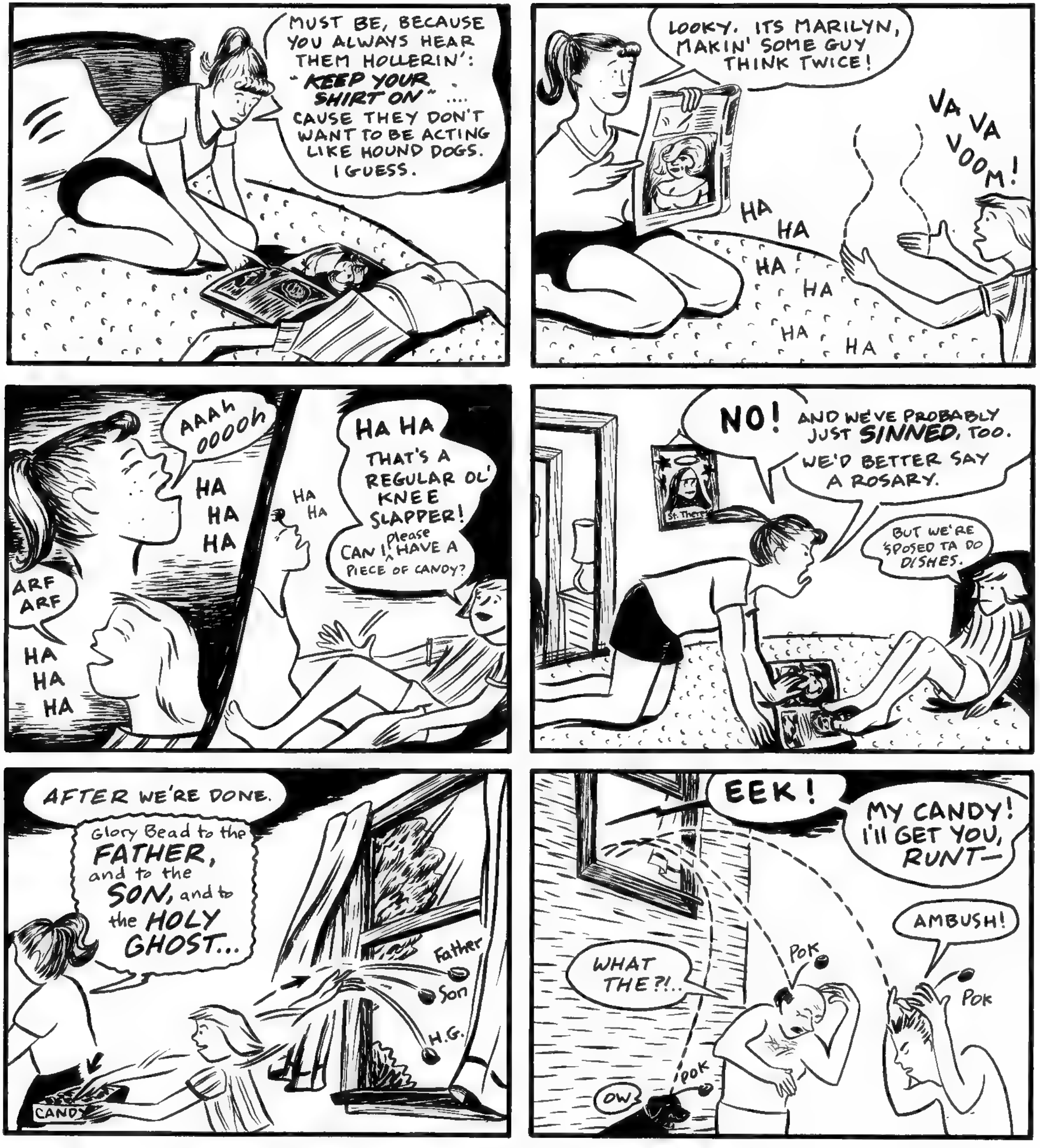

XTRA STRENGTH!
AY MAJOR I SCORED SOME 'BRAIN'
LET'S TRIP!!
BLAST OFF!

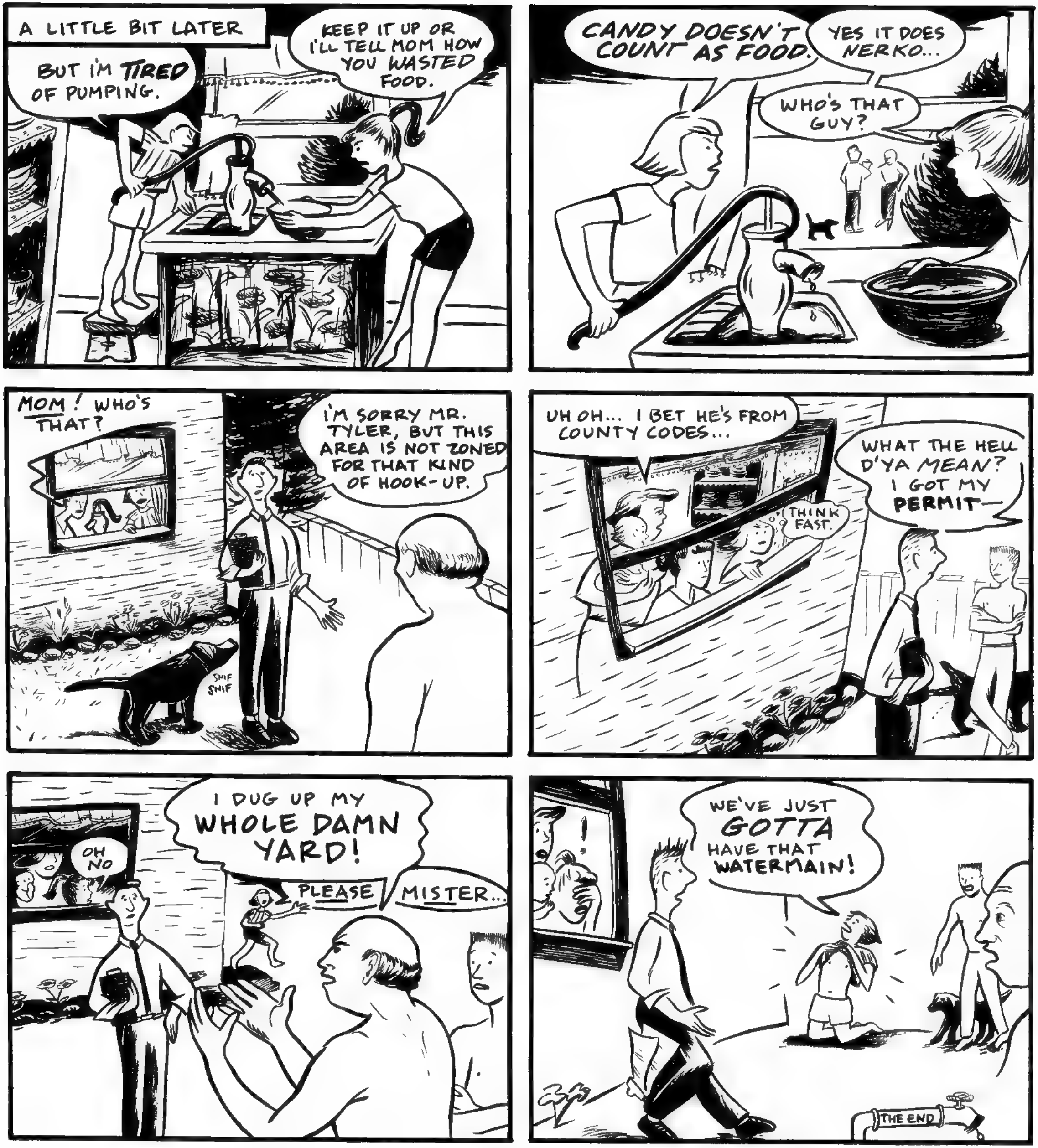

un-covered property
© 1987 Carol Tyler
A SHORT STUDY IN FAMILY DYNAMICS
FEATURING:
MOM and DAD
GINIA and JOE
(JIN-UH)
JIMMY and GU
(SAY GUH)
(and me)
summer 1960
I'M WORKING WITH THE MEN.
HI! I'M WORKING.
OUTTA THE WAY, SQUIRT.
SCHEUMP
HEY! YOU FORGOT ONE.

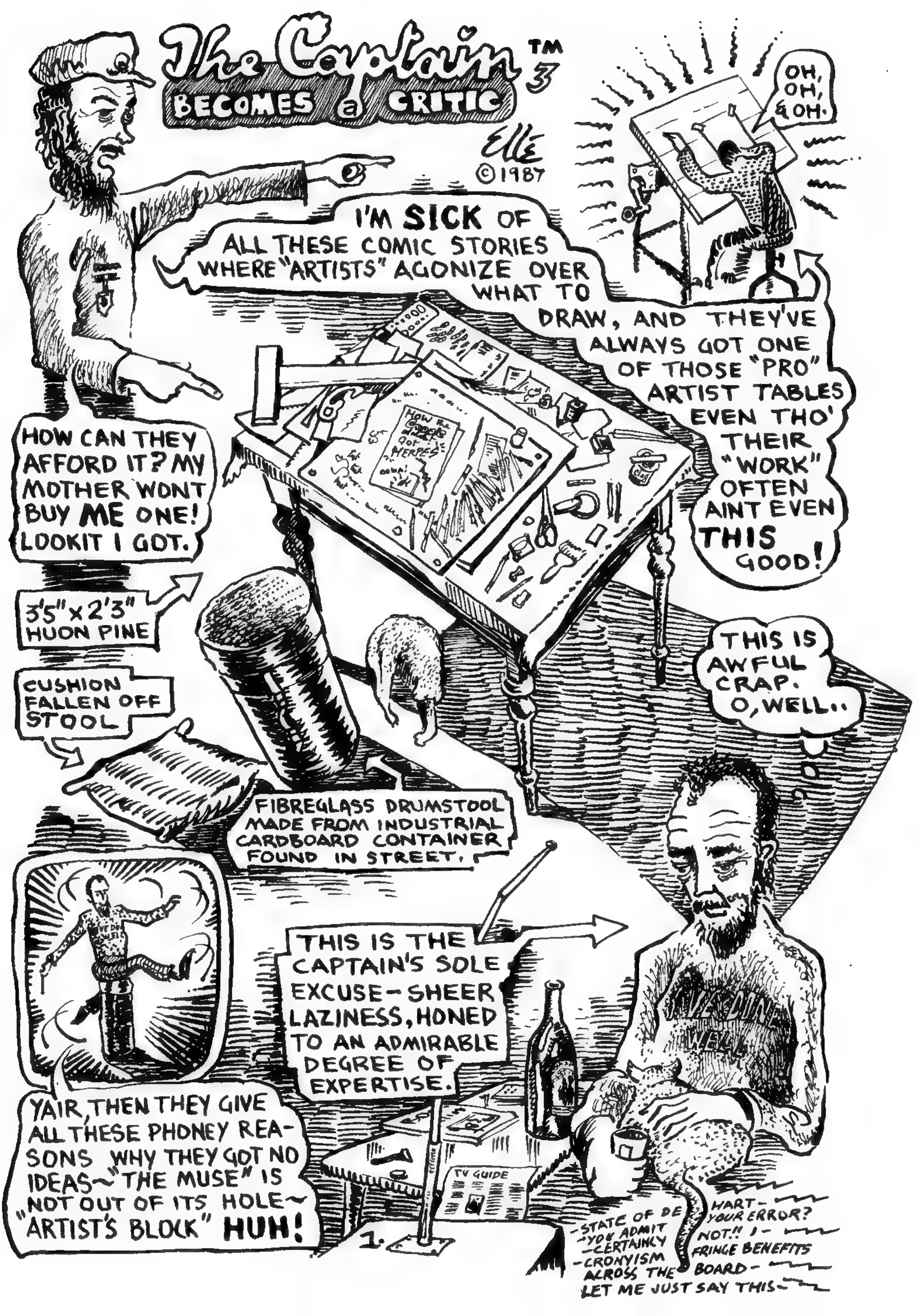

HERE GU.
DAD, CAN I DIG FOR AWHILE?
HELL NO!
COME IN HERE A MINUTE, MISS
AW MOM, WHY? I'M HELPING!
DON'T GIVE ME A HARD TIME!
YOU'RE GONNA GET IT NOW! YUK YUK YUK
OK OK
SHUT UP Nerk-o
HAH!
YOU'RE A NERK-O
HA HA
YUK YUK YUK
I'LL GIVE YOU BOTH A NERKO ACROSS THE BEHIND! Now GET BACK TO WORK!
YES SIR
MOM?
I'M IN HERE, HON!

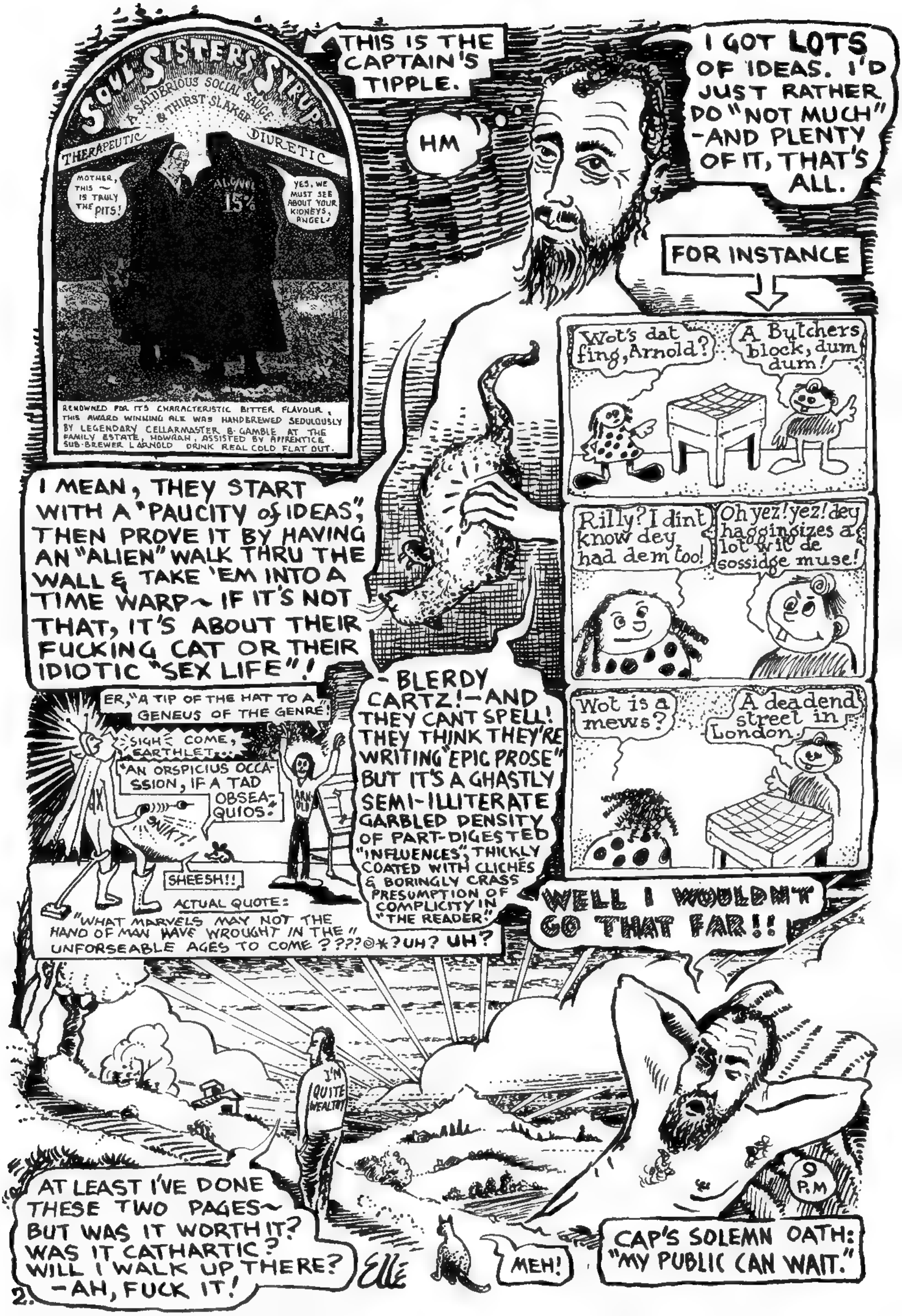

THEN
SO FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE YOU CAN NEVER, EVER BE OUTSIDE WITHOUT YOUR SHIRT ON.
BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY!?
THAT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE, SWEETIE
ITS NOT FAIR
DAD AND JOE GET TO GO WITHOUT THEIR SHIRTS.
DAD AND JOE HAVE THEIR PROPERTY COVERED
YOU'RE A LADY LIKE MOMMY— AND LADIES COVER THEIR TOPS.
PUT THIS ON.
I DON'T WANT TO BE A LADY.
SO NOW, GO FIND YOUR SISTER, AND YOU FINISH THOSE DISHES.
AND DON'T WAKE THE BABY!
MOM? — WHAT ARE THEY DIGGING FOR ANYWAYS?
ITS A NEW WATER MAIN, SO WE WON'T HAVE TO USE THE HAND PUMP.
SOON, UPSTAIRS...
I'll send you all my love
every day in a letter
CANDIES

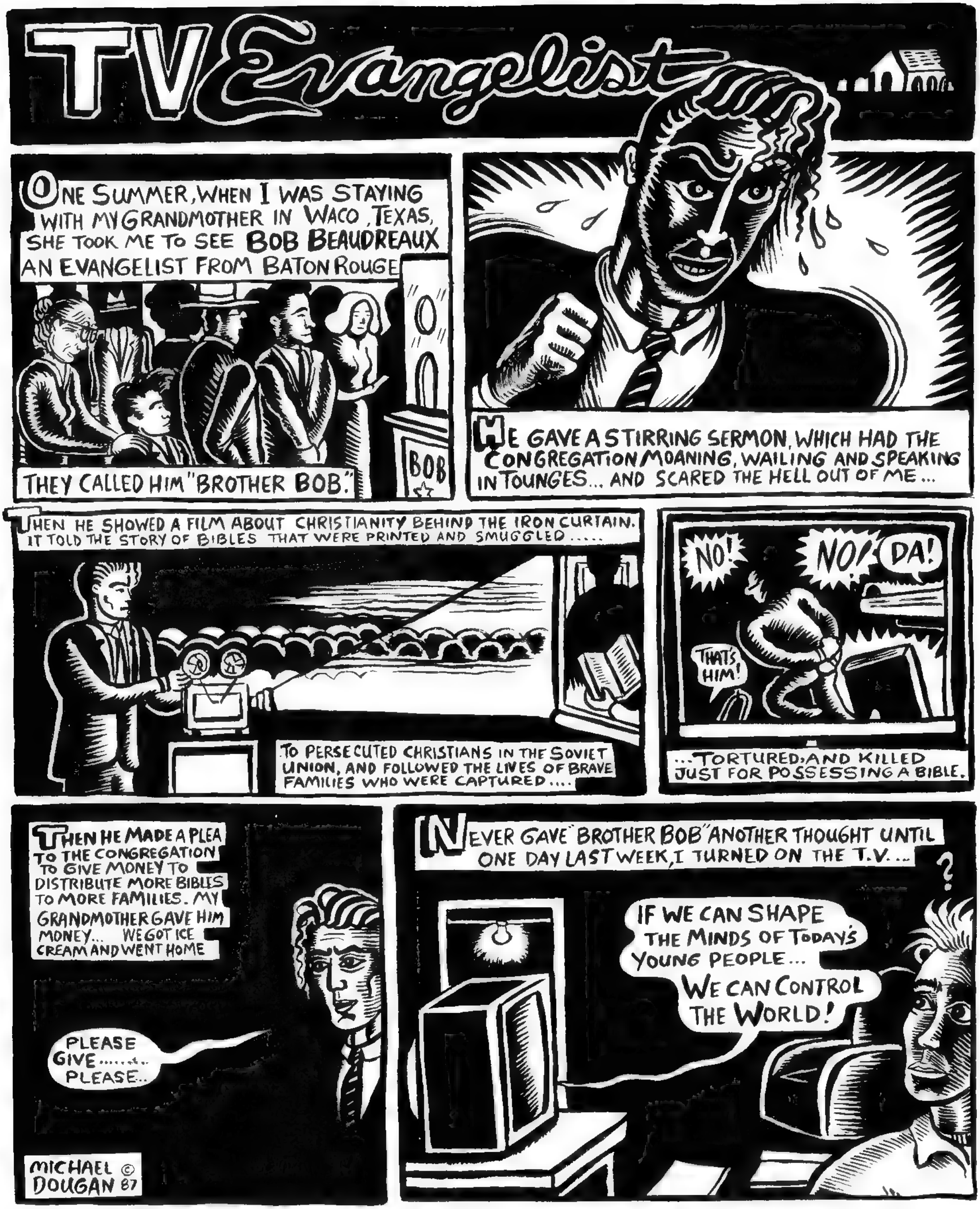

Sealed With a Kiss ♫
mmm
BOY DO I FEEL STUPID—
Sealed With A Kiss
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU *ARE* STUPID.
PLOP
Sealed With A Kiss ♫
HOW COME GIRLS HAVE TO WEAR SHIRTS?
Wha Wha wha
GETCHER FEET OFF.
LIF
OH NEVERMIND.
OK, I'LL TELL YOU....
ITS MEN.
IT DRIVES THEM WILD TO SEE A GIRL WITHOUT HER SHIRT ON.
ITS TRUE—
YOU CAN EVEN MAKE A GUY CHANGE HIS *MIND*— ONE LOOK AT YOUR NAKED "THINGS" AND HE'S LIKE A PUPPY.
REALLY?
THEY SAY.

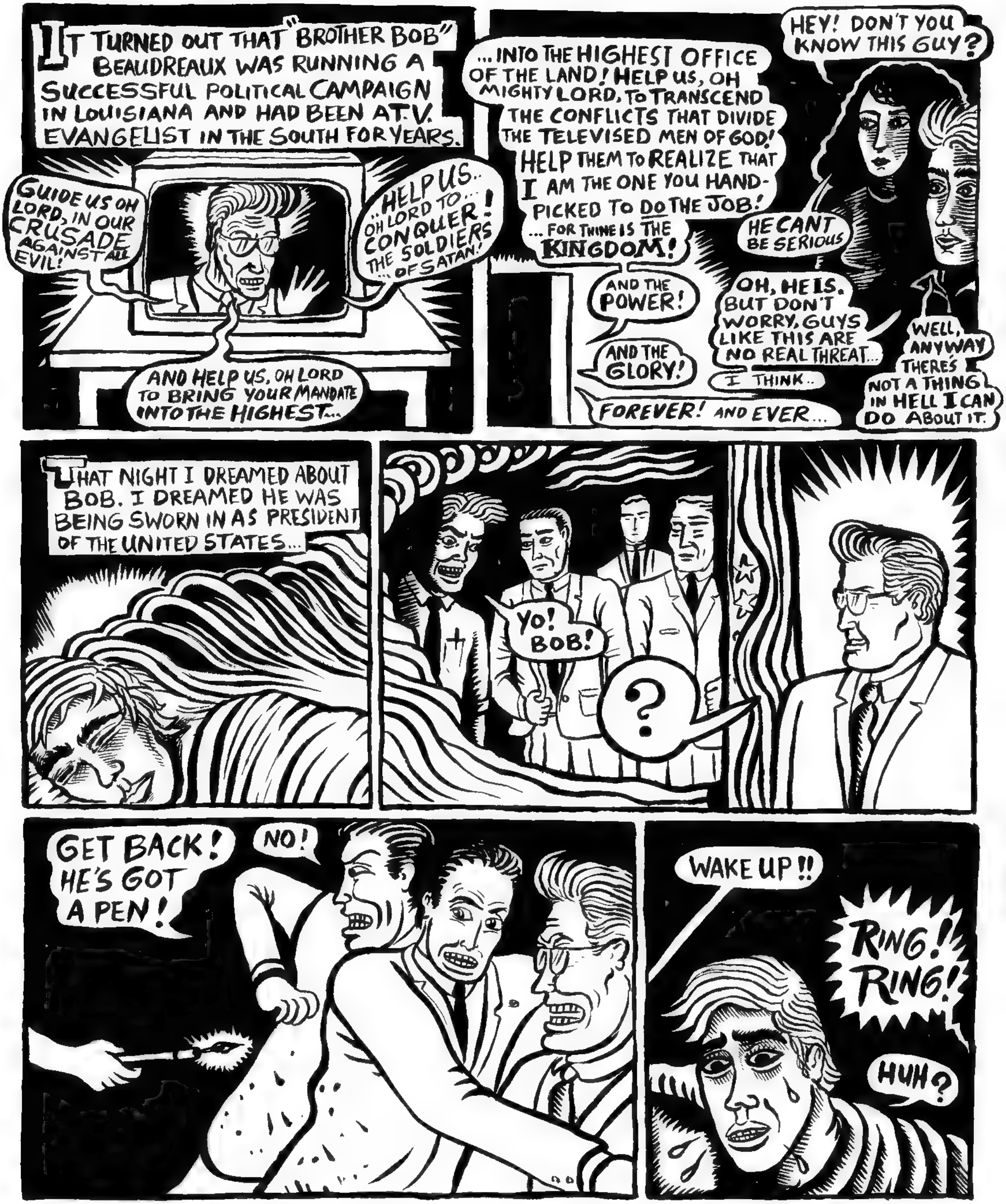

MUST BE, BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS HEAR THEM HOLLERIN': "KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON" .... CAUSE THEY DON'T WANT TO BE ACTING LIKE HOUND DOGS. I GUESS.
LOOKY. ITS MARILYN, MAKIN' SOME GUY THINK TWICE!
VA VA VOOM!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
AAAh OOOOh
HA HA HA
ARF ARF
HA HA HA
HA HA
HA HA THAT'S A REGULAR OL' KNEE SLAPPER! CAN I please HAVE A PIECE OF CANDY?
NO! AND WE'VE PROBABLY JUST SINNED, TOO. WE'D BETTER SAY A ROSARY.
St. Theres
BUT WE'RE 'SPOSED TA DO DISHES.
AFTER WE'RE DONE.
Glory Bead to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST...
Father
Son
H.G.
CANDY
EEK!
MY CANDY! I'll GET YOU, RUNT—
AMBUSH!
POK
POK
WHAT THE?!..
POK
OW

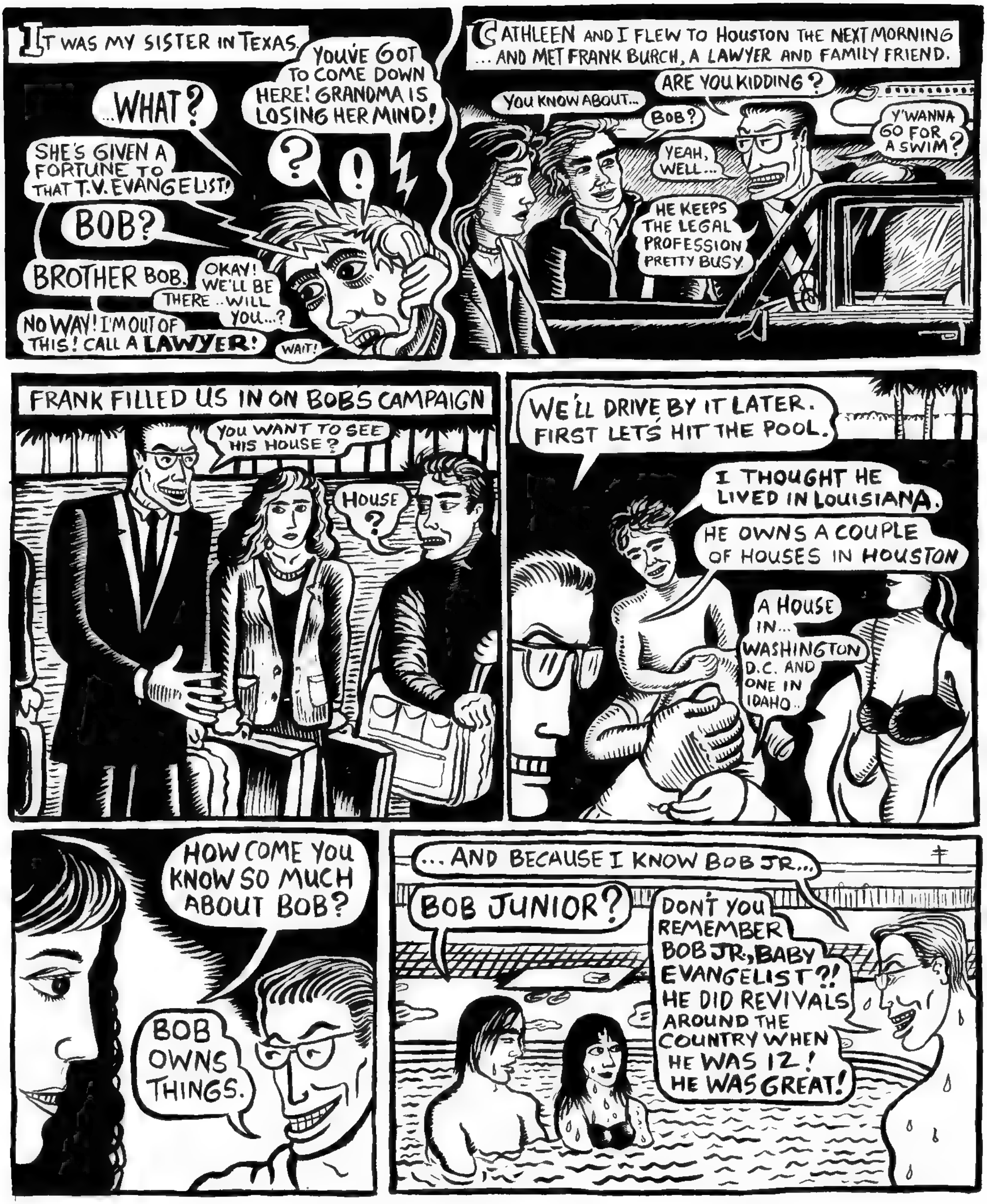

A LITTLE BIT LATER
BUT I'M TIRED OF PUMPING.
KEEP IT UP OR I'LL TELL MOM HOW YOU WASTED FOOD.
CANDY DOESN'T COUNT AS FOOD.
YES IT DOES NERKO...
WHO'S THAT GUY?
MOM! WHO'S THAT?
I'M SORRY MR. TYLER, BUT THIS AREA IS NOT ZONED FOR THAT KIND OF HOOK-UP.
SNIF SNIF
UH OH... I BET HE'S FROM COUNTY CODES...
THINK FAST.
WHAT THE HELL D'YA MEAN? I GOT MY PERMIT—
OH NO
I DUG UP MY WHOLE DAMN YARD!
PLEASE
MISTER...
!
WE'VE JUST GOTTA HAVE THAT WATERMAIN!
THE END

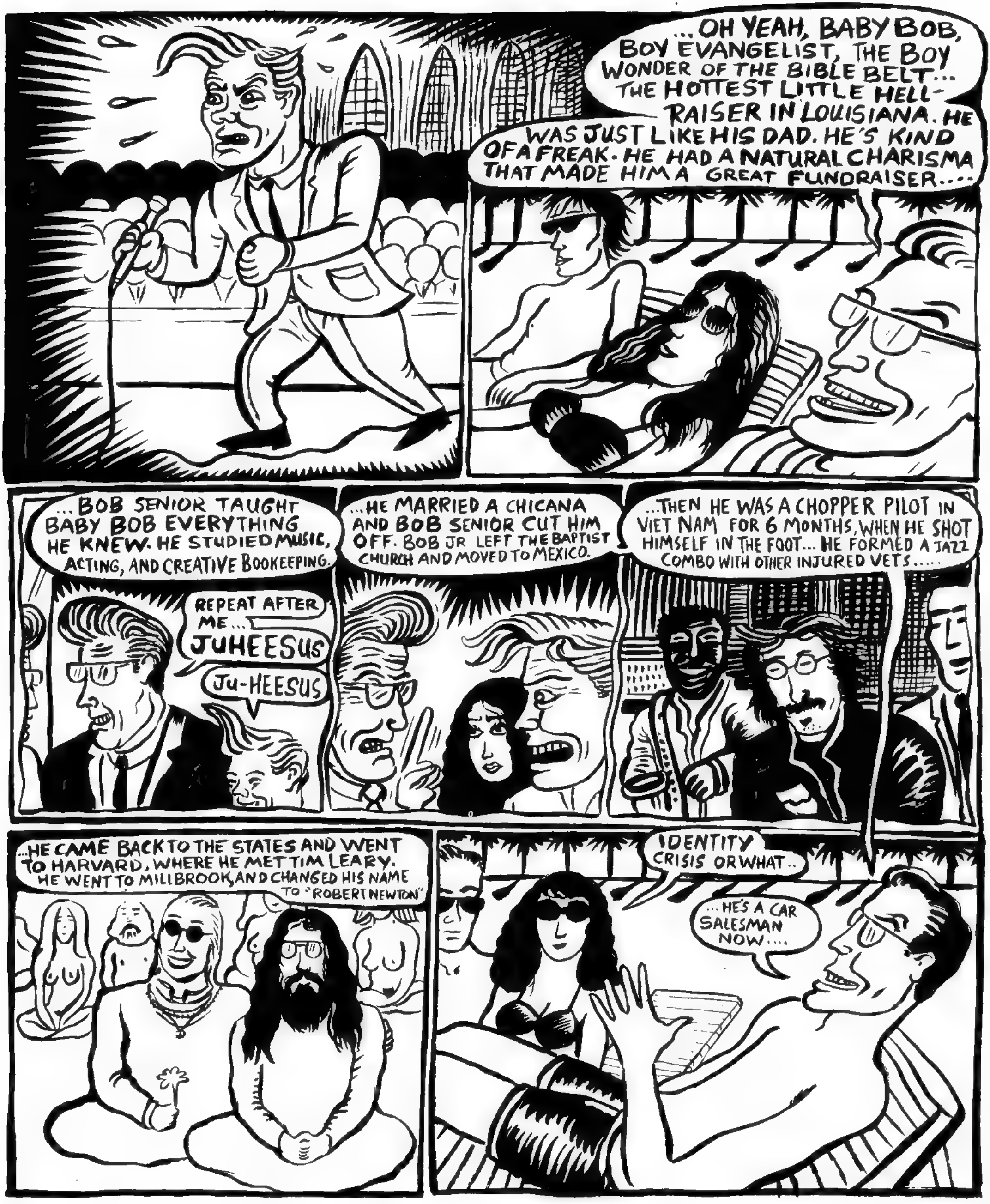

The Captain™ 3
BECOMES a CRITIC
Ellé ©1987
OH, OH, & OH.
I'M SICK OF ALL THESE COMIC STORIES WHERE "ARTISTS" AGONIZE OVER WHAT TO DRAW, AND THEY'VE ALWAYS GOT ONE OF THOSE "PRO" ARTIST TABLES EVEN THO' THEIR "WORK" OFTEN AINT EVEN THIS GOOD!
How the Goggle Got HERPES
HOW CAN THEY AFFORD IT? MY MOTHER WONT BUY ME ONE! LOOKIT I GOT.
3'5" x 2'3" HUON PINE
CUSHION FALLEN OFF STOOL
FIBREGLASS DRUMSTOOL MADE FROM INDUSTRIAL CARDBOARD CONTAINER FOUND IN STREET.
THIS IS AWFUL CRAP. O, WELL..
THIS IS THE CAPTAIN'S SOLE EXCUSE–SHEER LAZINESS, HONED TO AN ADMIRABLE DEGREE OF EXPERTISE.
YAIR, THEN THEY GIVE ALL THESE PHONEY REASONS WHY THEY GOT NO IDEAS~"THE MUSE" IS NOT OUT OF ITS HOLE~ "ARTIST'S BLOCK" HUH!
TV GUIDE
-STATE OF DE HART-
-YOU ADMIT YOUR ERROR?
-CERTAINLY NOT!! I-
-CRONYISM FRINGE BENEFITS
ACROSS THE BOARD-
LET ME JUST SAY THIS-

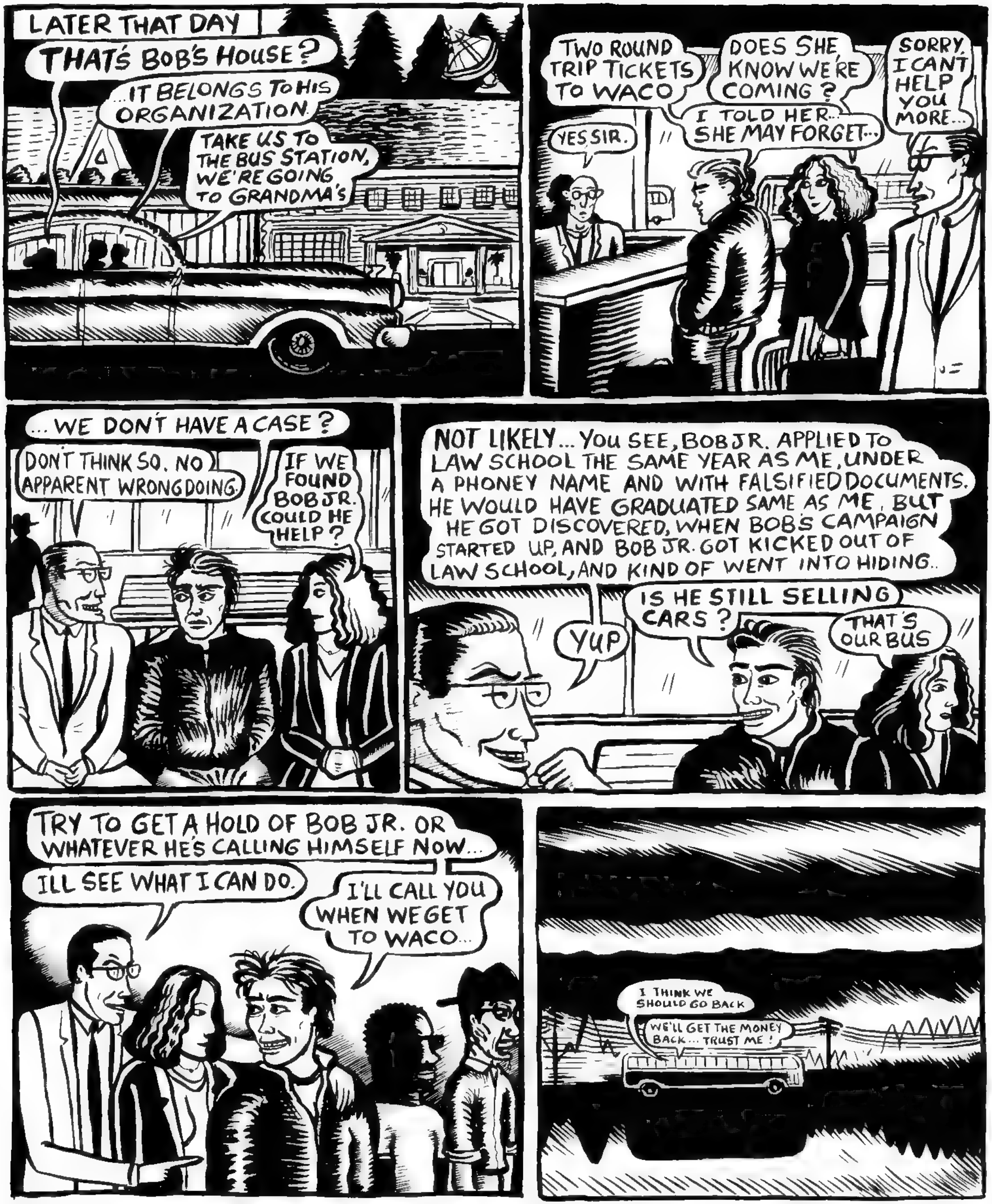

SOUL SISTERS' SYRUP
A SALUBRIOUS SOCIAL SAUCE & THIRST SLAKER
THERAPEUTIC
DIURETIC
MOTHER, THIS ~ IS TRULY THE PITS!
ALCOHOL 15%
YES, WE MUST SEE ABOUT YOUR KIDNEYS, ANGEL.
RENOWNED FOR IT'S CHARACTERISTIC BITTER FLAVOUR, THIS AWARD WINNING ALE WAS HANDBREWED SEDULOUSLY BY LEGENDARY CELLARMASTER B. GAMBLE AT THE FAMILY ESTATE, HOWRAH, ASSISTED BY APPRENTICE SUB-BREWER L. ARNOLD. DRINK REAL COLD FLAT OUT.
THIS IS THE CAPTAIN'S TIPPLE.
HM
I GOT LOTS OF IDEAS. I'D JUST RATHER DO "NOT MUCH" -AND PLENTY OF IT, THAT'S ALL.
FOR INSTANCE
Wot's dat fing, Arnold?
A Butchers block, dum dum!
Rilly? I dint know dey had dem too!
Oh yez! yez! dey hagginsizes a lot wit de sossidge muse!
Wot is a mews?
A deadend street in London.
I MEAN, THEY START WITH A "PAUCITY of IDEAS", THEN PROVE IT BY HAVING AN "ALIEN" WALK THRU THE WALL & TAKE 'EM INTO A TIME WARP~ IF IT'S NOT THAT, IT'S ABOUT THEIR FUCKING CAT OR THEIR IDIOTIC "SEX LIFE"!
ER, "A TIP OF THE HAT TO A GENEUS OF THE GENRE!"
SIGH COME, EARTHLET...
"AN ORSPICIUS OCCASSION, IF A TAD OBSEAQUIOS!"
SNIKT!
SHEESH!!
ARNOLD
ACTUAL QUOTE:
"WHAT MARVELS MAY NOT THE HAND OF MAN HAVE WROUGHT IN THE UNFORSEABLE AGES TO COME ????" @*?UH? UH?
-BLERDY CARTZ!-AND THEY CANT SPELL! THEY THINK THEY'RE WRITING "EPIC PROSE" BUT IT'S A GHASTLY SEMI-ILLITERATE GARBLED DENSITY OF PART-DIGESTED "INFLUENCES", THICKLY COATED WITH CLICHÉS & BORINGLY CRASS PRESUMPTION OF COMPLICITY IN "THE READER".
WELL I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR!!
I'M QUITE WEALTHY
9 P.M
AT LEAST I'VE DONE THESE TWO PAGES~ BUT WAS IT WORTH IT? WAS IT CATHARTIC? WILL I WALK UP THERE? -AH, FUCK IT!
Elle
MEH!
CAP'S SOLEMN OATH: "MY PUBLIC CAN WAIT."

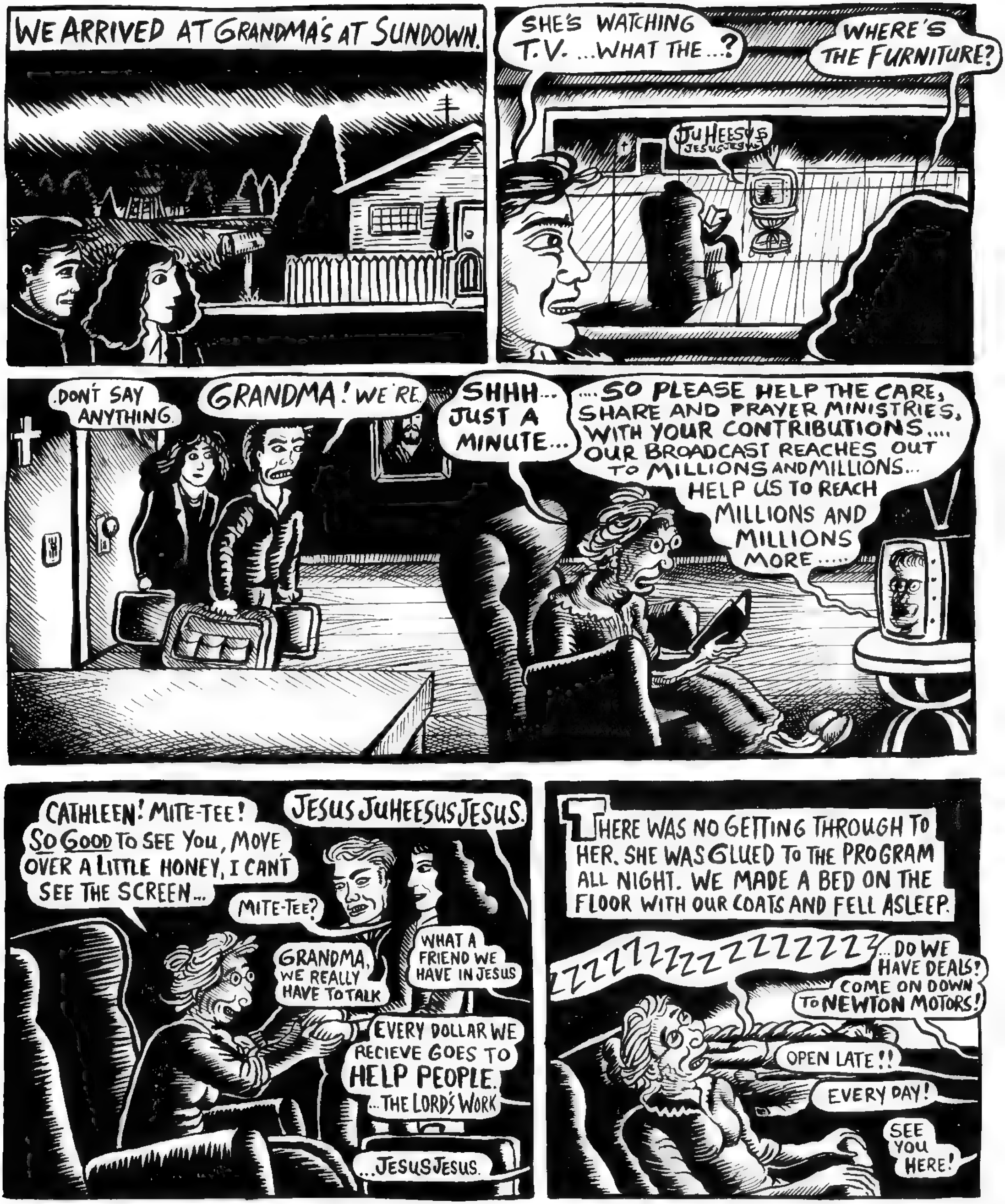

TV Evangelist
ONE SUMMER, WHEN I WAS STAYING WITH MY GRANDMOTHER IN WACO, TEXAS, SHE TOOK ME TO SEE BOB BEAUDREAUX AN EVANGELIST FROM BATON ROUGE
BOB
THEY CALLED HIM "BROTHER BOB."
HE GAVE A STIRRING SERMON, WHICH HAD THE CONGREGATION MOANING, WAILING AND SPEAKING IN TOUNGES... AND SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME...
THEN HE SHOWED A FILM ABOUT CHRISTIANITY BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN. IT TOLD THE STORY OF BIBLES THAT WERE PRINTED AND SMUGGLED.....
TO PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS IN THE SOVIET UNION, AND FOLLOWED THE LIVES OF BRAVE FAMILIES WHO WERE CAPTURED....
NO!
NO!
DA!
THAT'S HIM!
...TORTURED, AND KILLED JUST FOR POSSESSING A BIBLE.
THEN HE MADE A PLEA TO THE CONGREGATION TO GIVE MONEY TO DISTRIBUTE MORE BIBLES TO MORE FAMILIES. MY GRANDMOTHER GAVE HIM MONEY... WE GOT ICE CREAM AND WENT HOME
PLEASE GIVE....... PLEASE..
MICHAEL © DOUGAN 87
I NEVER GAVE "BROTHER BOB" ANOTHER THOUGHT UNTIL ONE DAY LAST WEEK, I TURNED ON THE T.V. ...
?
IF WE CAN SHAPE THE MINDS OF TODAY'S YOUNG PEOPLE... WE CAN CONTROL THE WORLD!

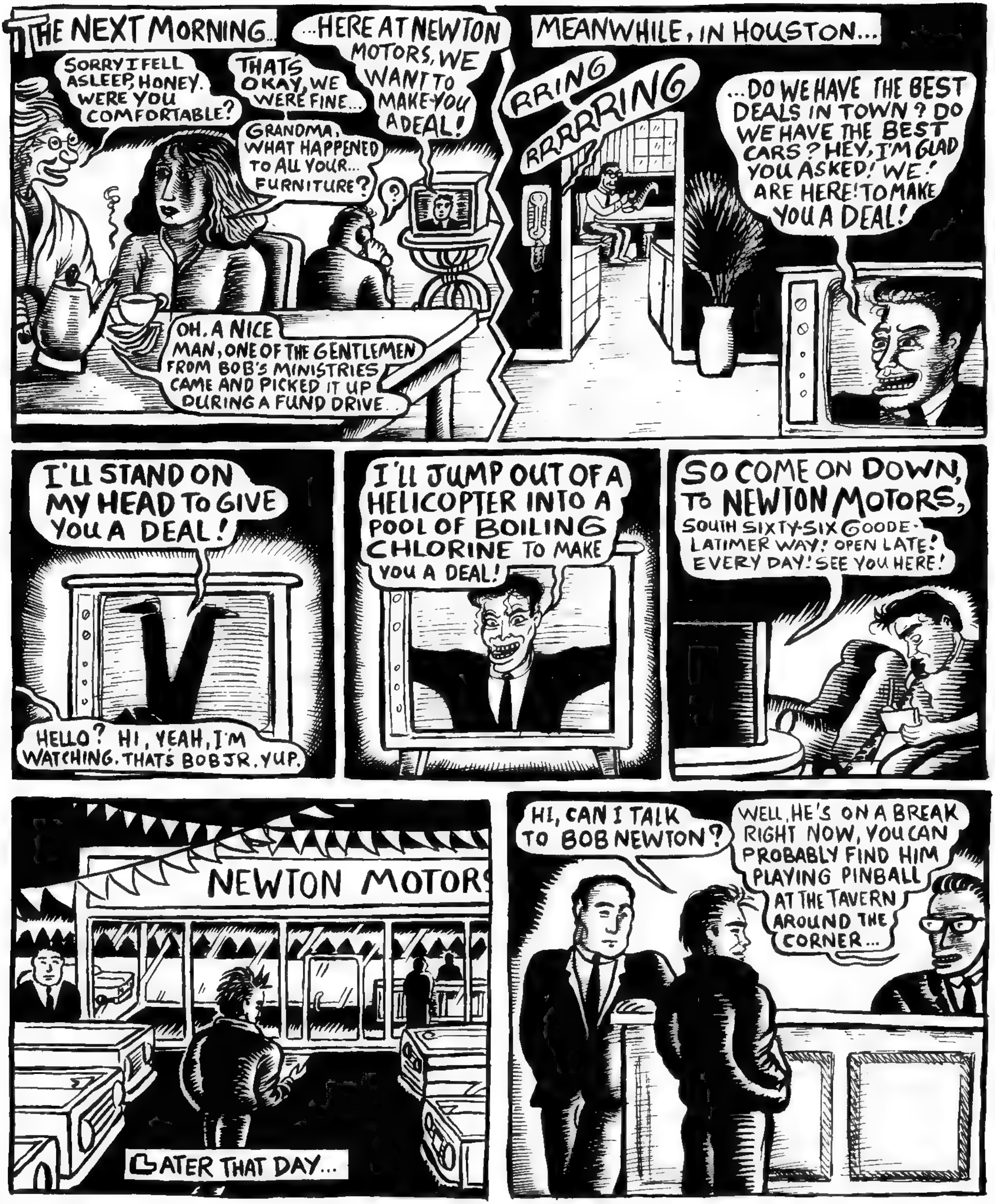

IT TURNED OUT THAT "BROTHER BOB" BEAUDREAUX WAS RUNNING A SUCCESSFUL POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA AND HAD BEEN A T.V. EVANGELIST IN THE SOUTH FOR YEARS.
GUIDE US OH LORD, IN OUR CRUSADE AGAINST ALL EVIL!
..HELP US.. OH LORD TO... CONQUER! THE SOLDIERS ...OF SATAN!
AND HELP US, OH LORD TO BRING YOUR MANDATE INTO THE HIGHEST...
...INTO THE HIGHEST OFFICE OF THE LAND! HELP US, OH MIGHTY LORD, TO TRANSCEND THE CONFLICTS THAT DIVIDE THE TELEVISED MEN OF GOD! HELP THEM TO REALIZE THAT I AM THE ONE YOU HAND-PICKED TO DO THE JOB! ...FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM!
AND THE POWER!
AND THE GLORY!
FOREVER! AND EVER...
HEY! DON'T YOU KNOW THIS GUY?
HE CANT BE SERIOUS
OH, HE IS. BUT DON'T WORRY, GUYS LIKE THIS ARE NO REAL THREAT...
I THINK..
WELL, ANYWAY THERE'S NOT A THING IN HELL I CAN DO ABOUT IT.
THAT NIGHT I DREAMED ABOUT BOB. I DREAMED HE WAS BEING SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...
YO! BOB!
?
GET BACK! HE'S GOT A PEN!
NO!
WAKE UP!!
RING! RING!
HUH?

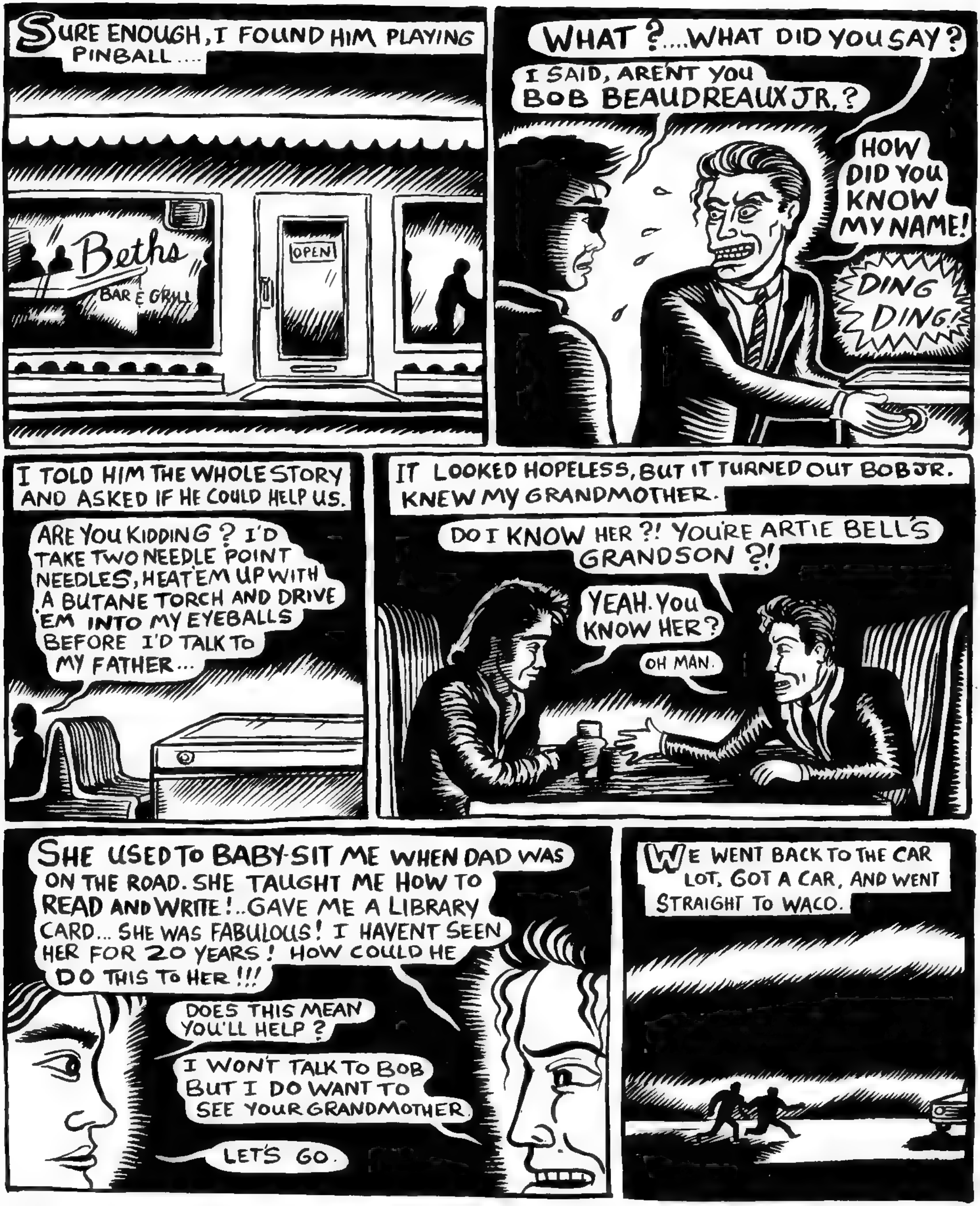

IT WAS MY SISTER IN TEXAS.
...WHAT?
YOU'VE GOT TO COME DOWN HERE! GRANDMA IS LOSING HER MIND!
?
!
SHE'S GIVEN A FORTUNE TO THAT T.V. EVANGELIST!
BOB?
BROTHER BOB.
OKAY! WE'LL BE THERE..WILL YOU...?
NO WAY! I'M OUT OF THIS! CALL A LAWYER!
WAIT!
CATHLEEN AND I FLEW TO HOUSTON THE NEXT MORNING ... AND MET FRANK BURCH, A LAWYER AND FAMILY FRIEND.
YOU KNOW ABOUT...
BOB?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
YEAH, WELL...
HE KEEPS THE LEGAL PROFESSION PRETTY BUSY.
Y'WANNA GO FOR A SWIM?
FRANK FILLED US IN ON BOB'S CAMPAIGN
YOU WANT TO SEE HIS HOUSE?
HOUSE?
WE'LL DRIVE BY IT LATER. FIRST LET'S HIT THE POOL.
I THOUGHT HE LIVED IN LOUISIANA.
HE OWNS A COUPLE OF HOUSES IN HOUSTON
A HOUSE IN... WASHINGTON D.C. AND ONE IN IDAHO..
HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT BOB?
BOB OWNS THINGS.
...AND BECAUSE I KNOW BOB JR...
BOB JUNIOR?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER BOB JR., BABY EVANGELIST?! HE DID REVIVALS AROUND THE COUNTRY WHEN HE WAS 12! HE WAS GREAT!

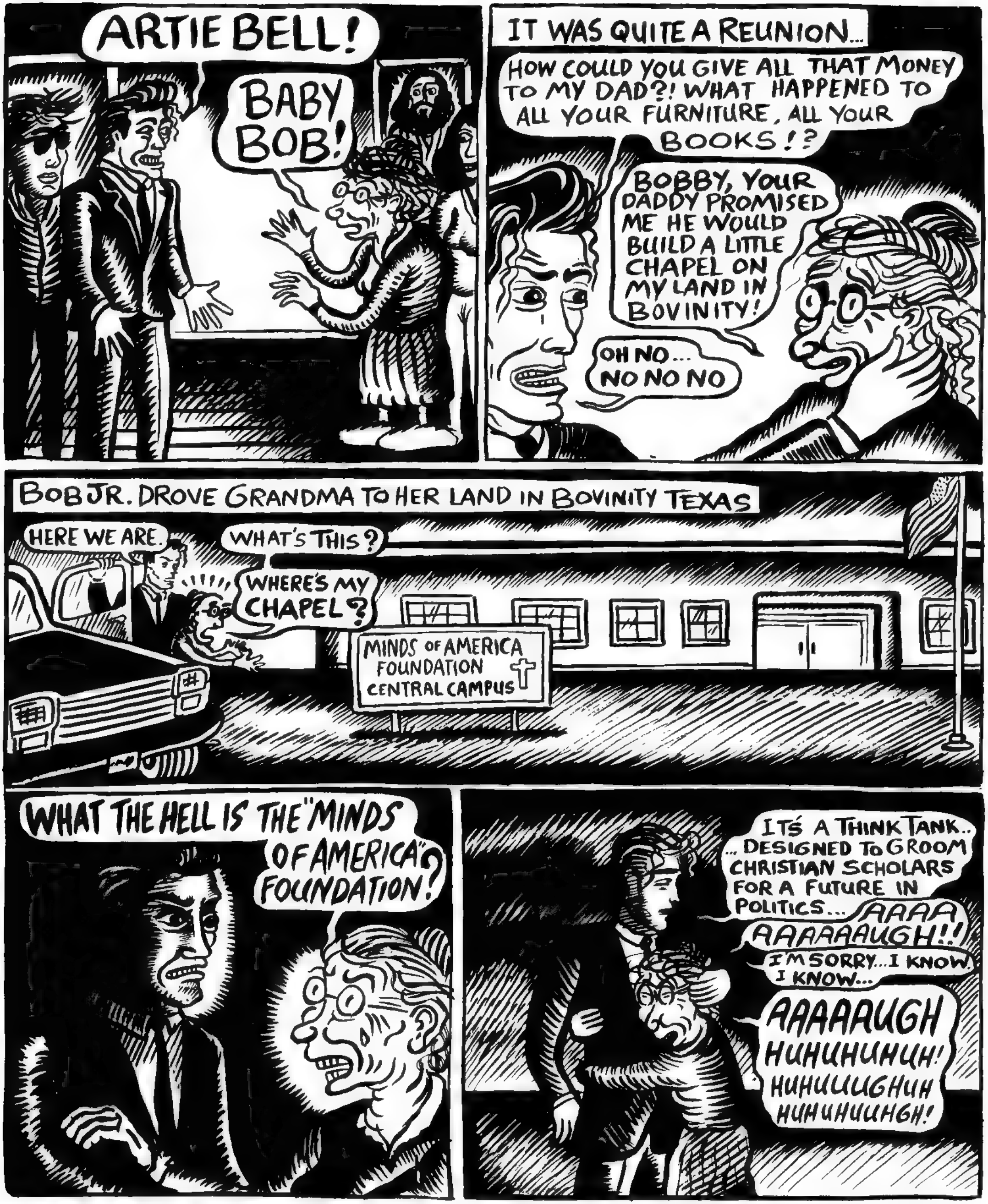

...OH YEAH, BABY BOB, BOY EVANGELIST, THE BOY WONDER OF THE BIBLE BELT... THE HOTTEST LITTLE HELL-RAISER IN LOUISIANA. HE WAS JUST LIKE HIS DAD. HE'S KIND OF A FREAK. HE HAD A NATURAL CHARISMA THAT MADE HIM A GREAT FUNDRAISER....
...BOB SENIOR TAUGHT BABY BOB EVERYTHING HE KNEW. HE STUDIED MUSIC, ACTING, AND CREATIVE BOOKEEPING.
REPEAT AFTER ME... JUHEESUS
JU-HEESUS
...HE MARRIED A CHICANA AND BOB SENIOR CUT HIM OFF. BOB JR LEFT THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND MOVED TO MEXICO.
...THEN HE WAS A CHOPPER PILOT IN VIET NAM FOR 6 MONTHS, WHEN HE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE FOOT... HE FORMED A JAZZ COMBO WITH OTHER INJURED VETS.....
...HE CAME BACK TO THE STATES AND WENT TO HARVARD, WHERE HE MET TIM LEARY. HE WENT TO MILLBROOK, AND CHANGED HIS NAME TO "ROBERT NEWTON"
IDENTITY CRISIS OR WHAT..
...HE'S A CAR SALESMAN NOW....

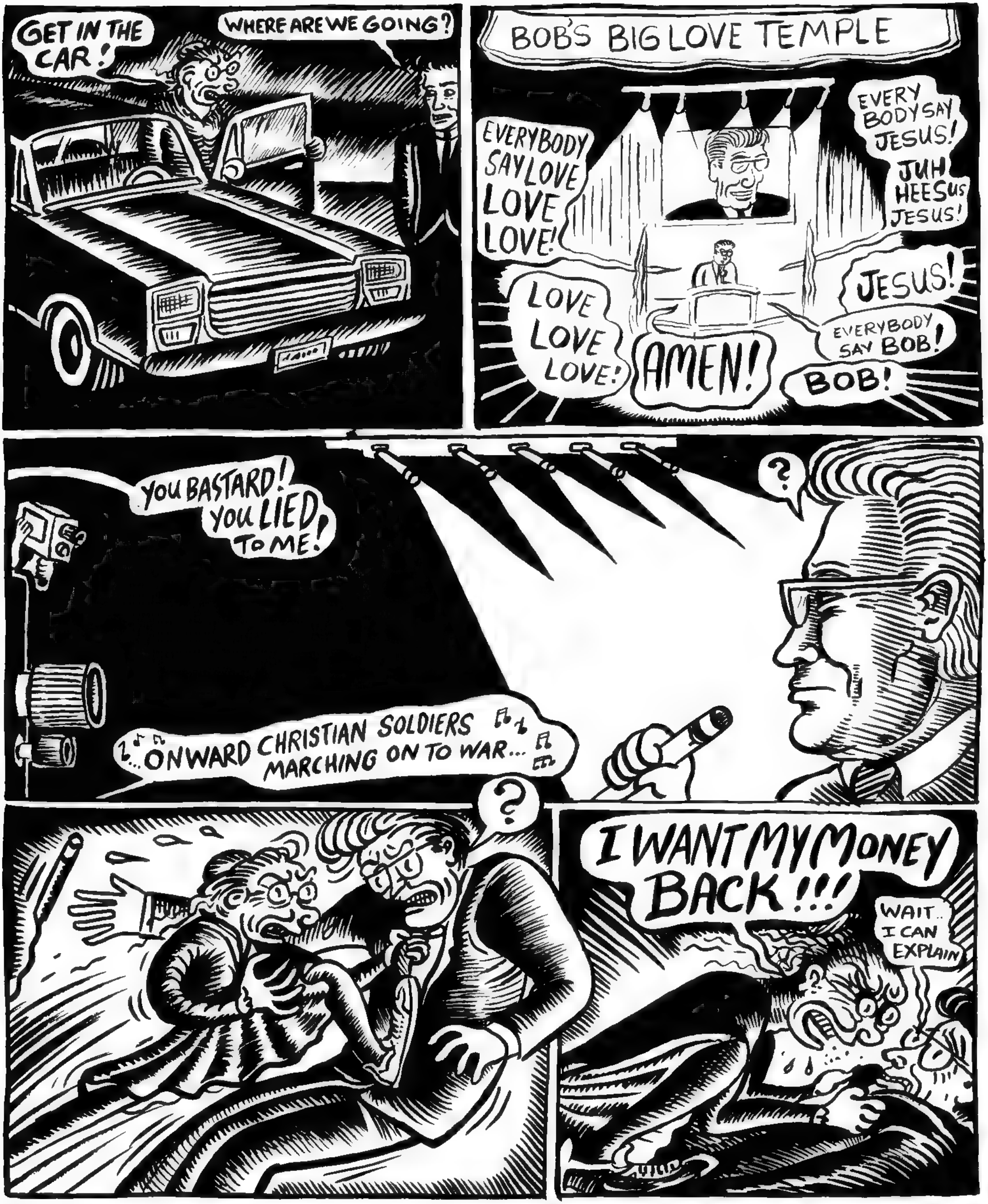

LATER THAT DAY
THAT'S BOB'S HOUSE?
...IT BELONGS TO HIS ORGANIZATION.
TAKE US TO THE BUS STATION, WE'RE GOING TO GRANDMA'S
TWO ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO WACO
YES SIR.
DOES SHE KNOW WE'RE COMING?
I TOLD HER.. SHE MAY FORGET...
SORRY, I CANT HELP YOU MORE...
...WE DON'T HAVE A CASE?
DON'T THINK SO. NO APPARENT WRONGDOING.
IF WE FOUND BOB JR. COULD HE HELP?
NOT LIKELY... YOU SEE, BOB JR. APPLIED TO LAW SCHOOL THE SAME YEAR AS ME, UNDER A PHONEY NAME AND WITH FALSIFIED DOCUMENTS. HE WOULD HAVE GRADUATED SAME AS ME, BUT HE GOT DISCOVERED, WHEN BOB'S CAMPAIGN STARTED UP, AND BOB JR. GOT KICKED OUT OF LAW SCHOOL, AND KIND OF WENT INTO HIDING..
IS HE STILL SELLING CARS?
YUP
THAT'S OUR BUS
TRY TO GET A HOLD OF BOB JR. OR WHATEVER HE'S CALLING HIMSELF NOW...
ILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
I'LL CALL YOU WHEN WE GET TO WACO...
I THINK WE SHOULD GO BACK
WE'LL GET THE MONEY BACK... TRUST ME!

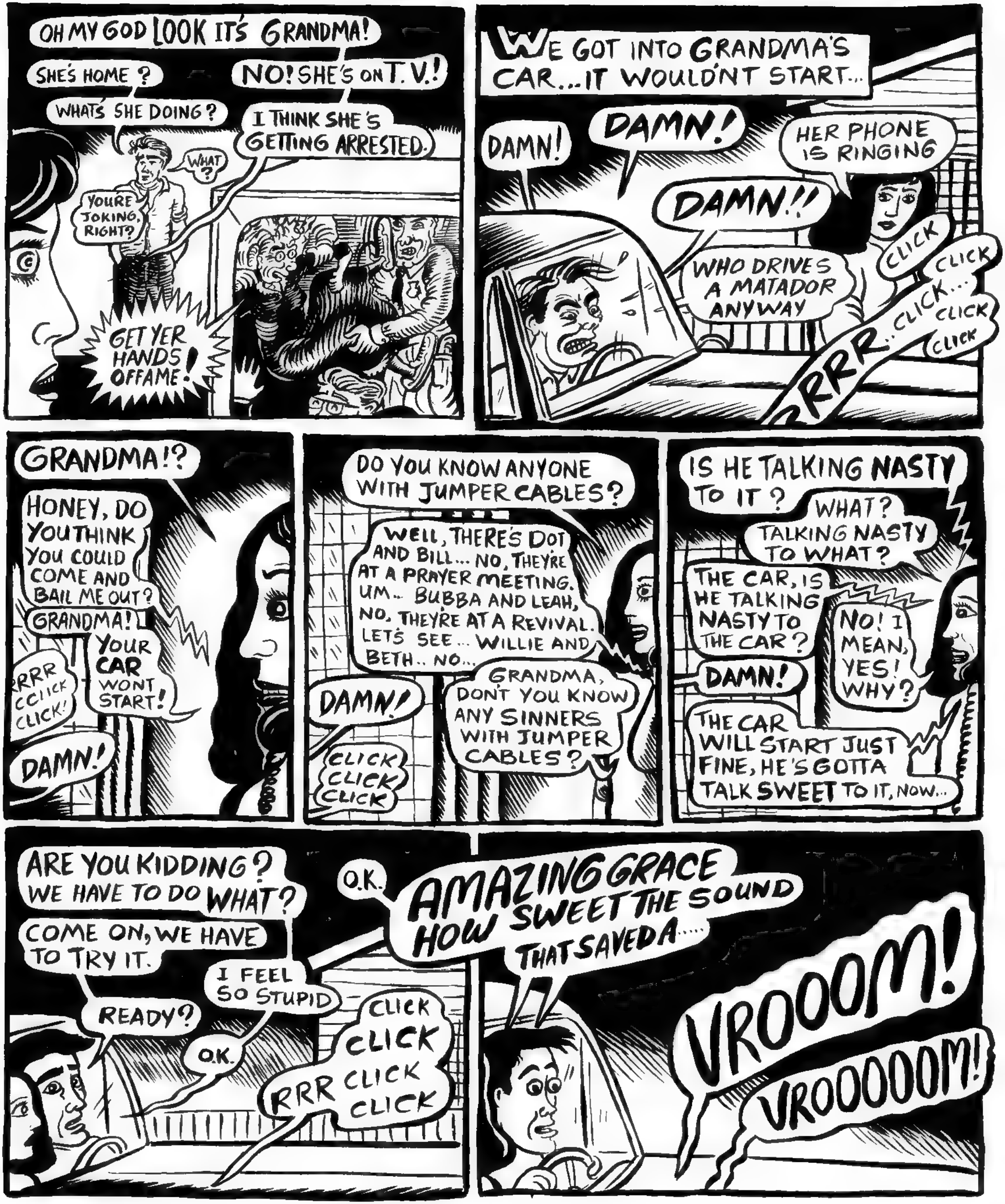

WE ARRIVED AT GRANDMA'S AT SUNDOWN.
SHE'S WATCHING T.V. ...WHAT THE...?
WHERE'S THE FURNITURE?
JUHEESUS JESUS JESUS
.DON'T SAY ANYTHING.
GRANDMA! WE'RE.
SHHH... JUST A MINUTE...
....SO PLEASE HELP THE CARE, SHARE AND PRAYER MINISTRIES, WITH YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS.... OUR BROADCAST REACHES OUT TO MILLIONS AND MILLIONS... HELP US TO REACH MILLIONS AND MILLIONS MORE.....
CATHLEEN! MITE-TEE! SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, MOVE OVER A LITTLE HONEY, I CAN'T SEE THE SCREEN...
JESUS JUHEESUS JESUS.
MITE-TEE?
GRANDMA, WE REALLY HAVE TO TALK
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS
EVERY DOLLAR WE RECIEVE GOES TO HELP PEOPLE. ...THE LORD'S WORK
...JESUS JESUS.
THERE WAS NO GETTING THROUGH TO HER. SHE WAS GLUED TO THE PROGRAM ALL NIGHT. WE MADE A BED ON THE FLOOR WITH OUR COATS AND FELL ASLEEP.
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
...DO WE HAVE DEALS! COME ON DOWN TO NEWTON MOTORS!
OPEN LATE!!
EVERY DAY!
SEE YOU HERE!

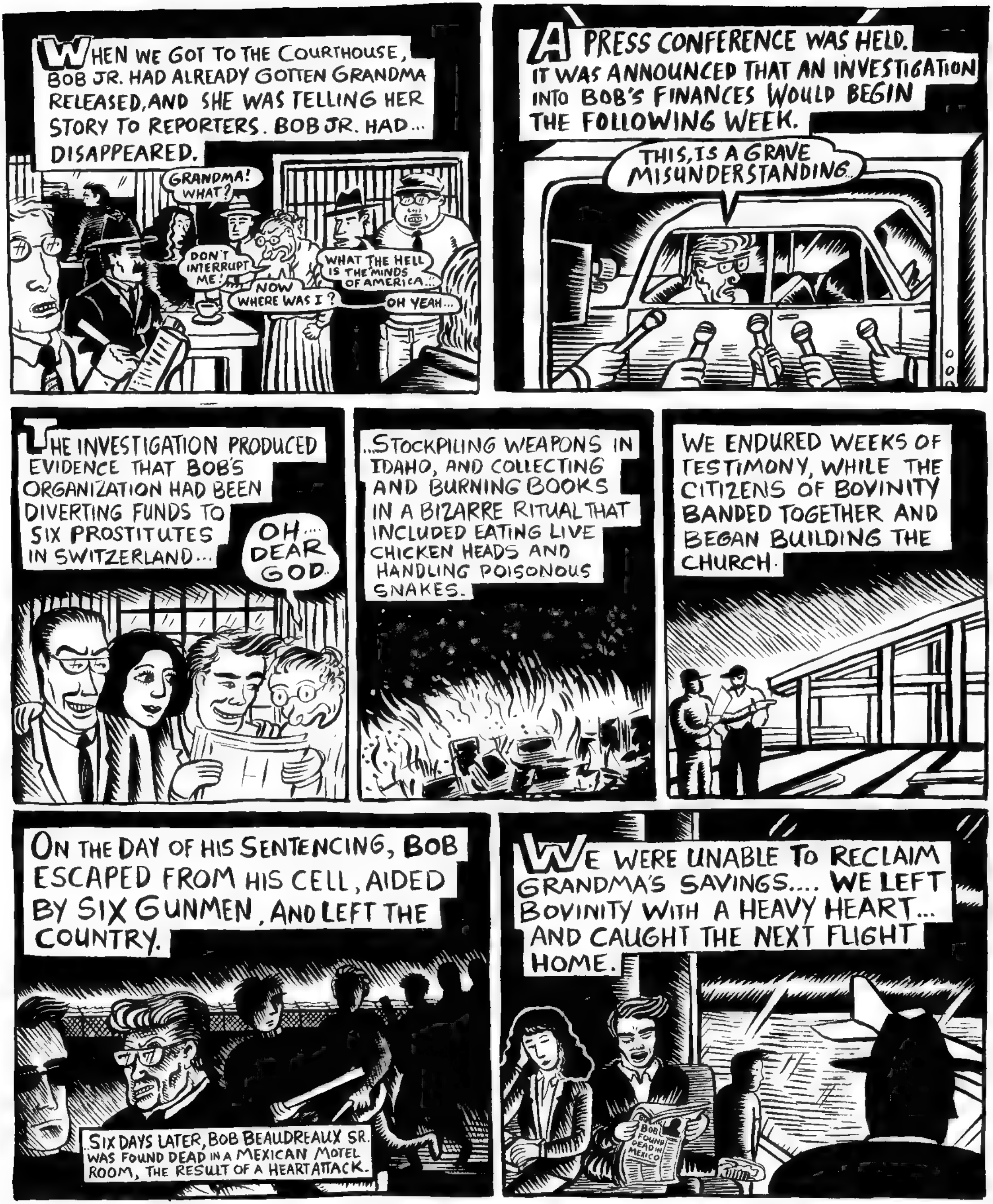

THE NEXT MORNING...
SORRY I FELL ASLEEP, HONEY. WERE YOU COMFORTABLE?
THAT'S OKAY, WE WERE FINE...
...HERE AT NEWTON MOTORS, WE WANT TO MAKE YOU A DEAL!
GRANDMA, WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL YOUR... FURNITURE?
?
OH. A NICE MAN, ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN FROM BOB'S MINISTRIES CAME AND PICKED IT UP DURING A FUND DRIVE...
MEANWHILE, IN HOUSTON...
RRING
RRRRRRING
...DO WE HAVE THE BEST DEALS IN TOWN? DO WE HAVE THE BEST CARS? HEY, I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! WE! ARE HERE! TO MAKE YOU A DEAL!
I'LL STAND ON MY HEAD TO GIVE YOU A DEAL!
HELLO? HI, YEAH, I'M WATCHING. THAT'S BOB JR, YUP.
I'LL JUMP OUT OF A HELICOPTER INTO A POOL OF BOILING CHLORINE TO MAKE YOU A DEAL!
SO COME ON DOWN, TO NEWTON MOTORS, SOUTH SIXTY-SIX GOODE-LATIMER WAY! OPEN LATE! EVERY DAY! SEE YOU HERE!
NEWTON MOTORS
LATER THAT DAY...
HI, CAN I TALK TO BOB NEWTON?
WELL, HE'S ON A BREAK RIGHT NOW, YOU CAN PROBABLY FIND HIM PLAYING PINBALL AT THE TAVERN AROUND THE CORNER...

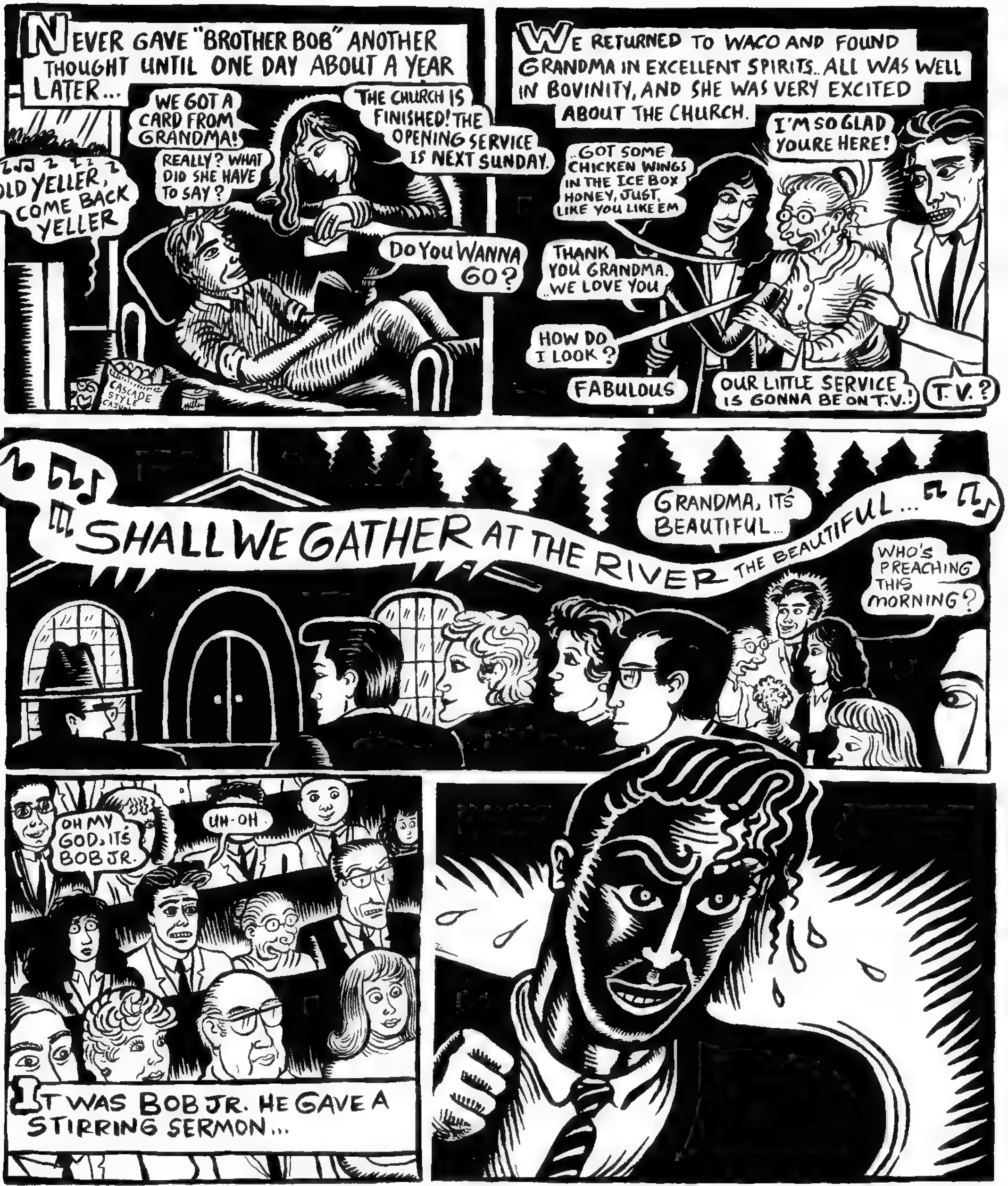

SURE ENOUGH, I FOUND HIM PLAYING PINBALL....
Beths
BAR & GRILL
OPEN
WHAT?....WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I SAID, AREN'T YOU BOB BEAUDREAUX JR.?
HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME!
DING DING!
I TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY AND ASKED IF HE COULD HELP US.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'D TAKE TWO NEEDLE POINT NEEDLES, HEAT'EM UP WITH A BUTANE TORCH AND DRIVE 'EM INTO MY EYEBALLS BEFORE I'D TALK TO MY FATHER...
IT LOOKED HOPELESS, BUT IT TURNED OUT BOB JR. KNEW MY GRANDMOTHER.
DO I KNOW HER?! YOU'RE ARTIE BELL'S GRANDSON?!
YEAH. YOU KNOW HER?
OH MAN.
SHE USED TO BABY-SIT ME WHEN DAD WAS ON THE ROAD. SHE TAUGHT ME HOW TO READ AND WRITE!..GAVE ME A LIBRARY CARD... SHE WAS FABULOUS! I HAVENT SEEN HER FOR 20 YEARS! HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO HER!!!
DOES THIS MEAN YOU'LL HELP?
I WON'T TALK TO BOB BUT I DO WANT TO SEE YOUR GRANDMOTHER.
LET'S GO.
WE WENT BACK TO THE CAR LOT, GOT A CAR, AND WENT STRAIGHT TO WACO.


ARTIE BELL!
BABY BOB!
IT WAS QUITE A REUNION...
HOW COULD YOU GIVE ALL THAT MONEY TO MY DAD?! WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL YOUR FURNITURE, ALL YOUR BOOKS!?
BOBBY, YOUR DADDY PROMISED ME HE WOULD BUILD A LITTLE CHAPEL ON MY LAND IN BOVINITY!
OH NO.... NO NO NO
BOB JR. DROVE GRANDMA TO HER LAND IN BOVINITY TEXAS
HERE WE ARE.
WHAT'S THIS?
WHERE'S MY CHAPEL?
MINDS OF AMERICA FOUNDATION CENTRAL CAMPUS
WHAT THE HELL IS THE "MINDS OF AMERICA" FOUNDATION?
IT'S A THINK TANK.. ...DESIGNED TO GROOM CHRISTIAN SCHOLARS FOR A FUTURE IN POLITICS...
AAAA AAAAAAUGH!!
I'M SORRY...I KNOW. I KNOW...
AAAAAUGH HUHUHUHUH! HUHUUUGHUH HUHUHUUHGH!

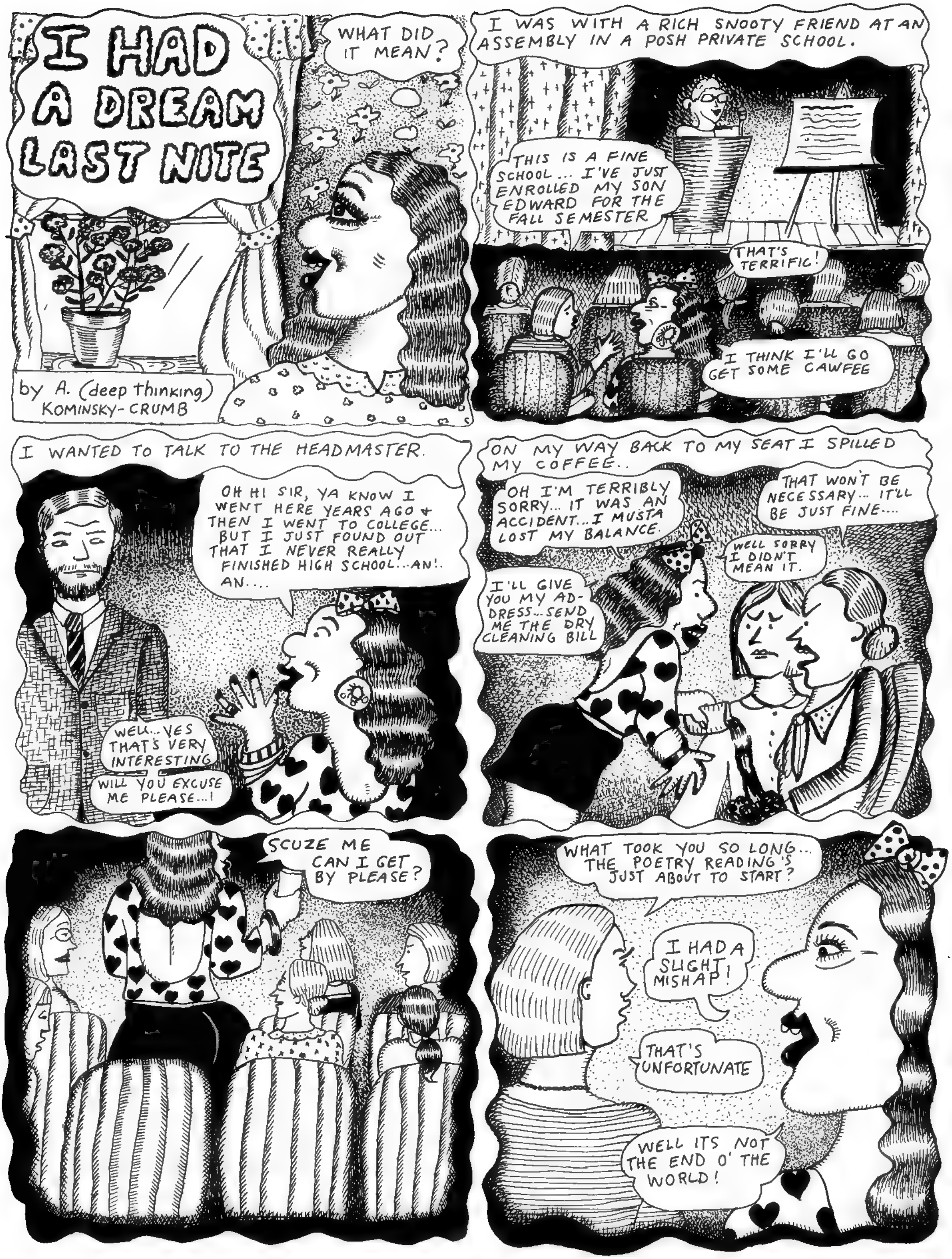

GET IN THE CAR!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
BOB'S BIG LOVE TEMPLE
EVERYBODY SAY LOVE LOVE LOVE!
EVERY BODY SAY JESUS!
JUH HEESUS JESUS!
LOVE LOVE LOVE!
AMEN!
JESUS!
EVERYBODY SAY BOB!
BOB!
YOU BASTARD! YOU LIED TO ME!
?
...ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING ON TO WAR...
?
I WANT MY MONEY BACK!!!
?
WAIT.. I CAN EXPLAIN

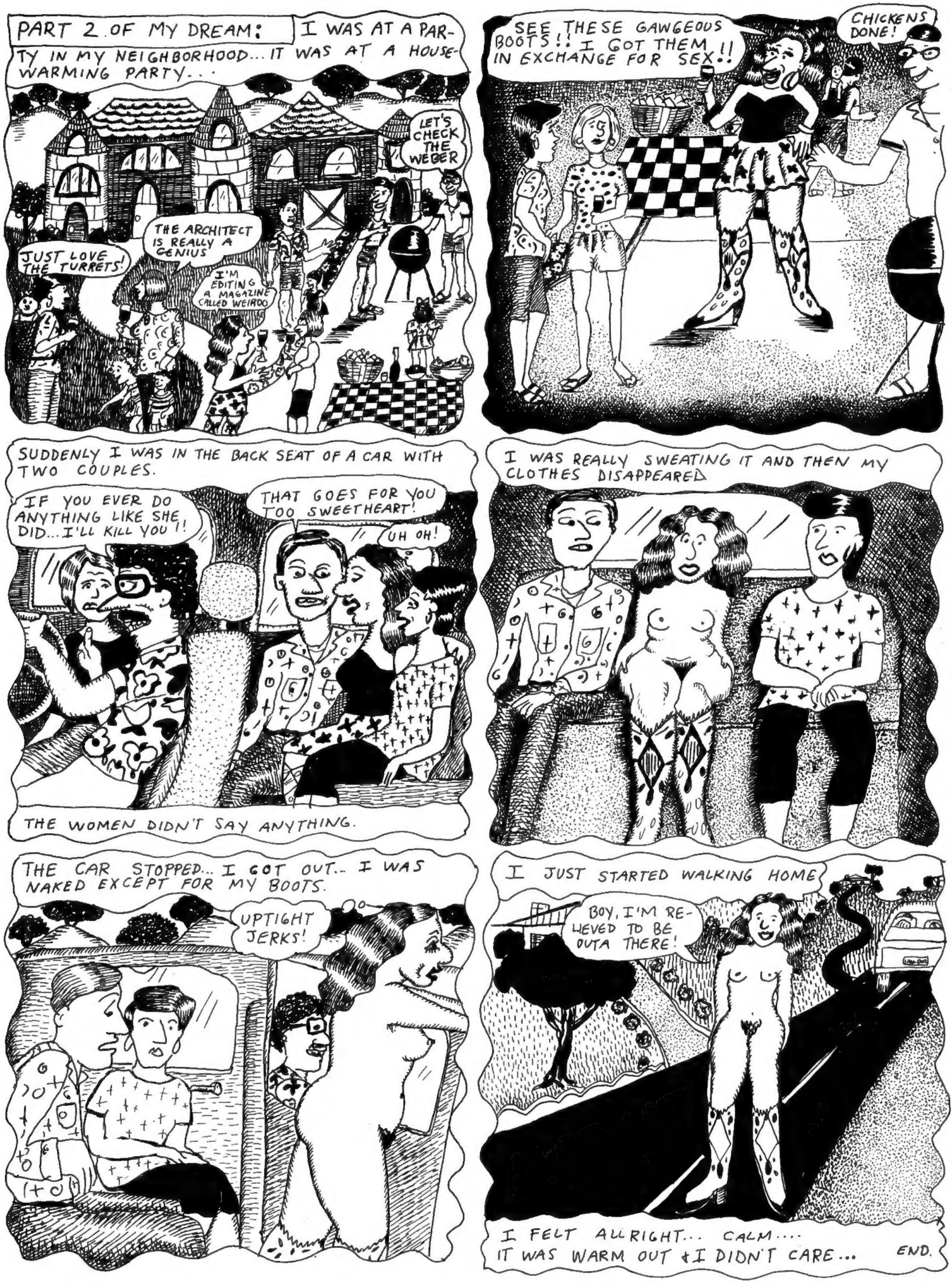

OH MY GOD LOOK IT'S GRANDMA!
SHE'S HOME?
NO! SHE'S ON T.V.!
WHAT'S SHE DOING?
I THINK SHE'S GETTING ARRESTED.
WHAT?
YOURE JOKING, RIGHT?
GET YER HANDS OFFA ME!
WE GOT INTO GRANDMA'S CAR... IT WOULDN'T START...
DAMN!
DAMN!
HER PHONE IS RINGING
DAMN!!
WHO DRIVES A MATADOR ANYWAY
CLICK
CLICK
RRR... CLICK...
CLICK
CLICK
GRANDMA!?
HONEY, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD COME AND BAIL ME OUT?
GRANDMA!
YOUR CAR WONT START!
RRR CCLICK CLICK!
DAMN!
DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WITH JUMPER CABLES?
WELL, THERE'S DOT AND BILL... NO, THEY'RE AT A PRAYER MEETING. UM... BUBBA AND LEAH, NO, THEY'RE AT A REVIVAL. LET'S SEE... WILLIE AND BETH.. NO...
DAMN!
GRANDMA, DON'T YOU KNOW ANY SINNERS WITH JUMPER CABLES?
CLICK CLICK CLICK
IS HE TALKING NASTY TO IT?
WHAT? TALKING NASTY TO WHAT?
THE CAR, IS HE TALKING NASTY TO THE CAR?
NO! I MEAN, YES! WHY?
DAMN!
THE CAR WILL START JUST FINE, HE'S GOTTA TALK SWEET TO IT, NOW...
ARE YOU KIDDING? WE HAVE TO DO WHAT?
COME ON, WE HAVE TO TRY IT.
READY?
I FEEL SO STUPID
O.K.
CLICK CLICK
RRR CLICK CLICK
O.K.
AMAZING GRACE HOW SWEET THE SOUND
THAT SAVED A.....
VROOOM!
VROOOOOM!


WHEN WE GOT TO THE COURTHOUSE, BOB JR. HAD ALREADY GOTTEN GRANDMA RELEASED, AND SHE WAS TELLING HER STORY TO REPORTERS. BOB JR. HAD... DISAPPEARED.
GRANDMA! WHAT?
DON'T INTERRUPT ME!
NOW WHERE WAS I?
WHAT THE HELL IS THE MINDS OF AMERICA...
OH YEAH...
A PRESS CONFERENCE WAS HELD. IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT AN INVESTIGATION INTO BOB'S FINANCES WOULD BEGIN THE FOLLOWING WEEK.
THIS, IS A GRAVE MISUNDERSTANDING...
THE INVESTIGATION PRODUCED EVIDENCE THAT BOB'S ORGANIZATION HAD BEEN DIVERTING FUNDS TO SIX PROSTITUTES IN SWITZERLAND...
OH.... DEAR GOD.
...STOCKPILING WEAPONS IN IDAHO, AND COLLECTING AND BURNING BOOKS IN A BIZARRE RITUAL THAT INCLUDED EATING LIVE CHICKEN HEADS AND HANDLING POISONOUS SNAKES.
WE ENDURED WEEKS OF TESTIMONY, WHILE THE CITIZENS OF BOVINITY BANDED TOGETHER AND BEGAN BUILDING THE CHURCH.
ON THE DAY OF HIS SENTENCING, BOB ESCAPED FROM HIS CELL, AIDED BY SIX GUNMEN, AND LEFT THE COUNTRY.
SIX DAYS LATER, BOB BEAUDREAUX SR. WAS FOUND DEAD IN A MEXICAN MOTEL ROOM, THE RESULT OF A HEART ATTACK.
WE WERE UNABLE TO RECLAIM GRANDMA'S SAVINGS.... WE LEFT BOVINITY WITH A HEAVY HEART... AND CAUGHT THE NEXT FLIGHT HOME.
BOB FOUND DEAD IN MEXICO


NEVER GAVE "BROTHER BOB" ANOTHER THOUGHT UNTIL ONE DAY ABOUT A YEAR LATER...
OLD YELLER, COME BACK YELLER
WE GOT A CARD FROM GRANDMA!
REALLY? WHAT DID SHE HAVE TO SAY?
THE CHURCH IS FINISHED! THE OPENING SERVICE IS NEXT SUNDAY.
DO YOU WANNA GO?
CASCADE STYLE
WE RETURNED TO WACO AND FOUND GRANDMA IN EXCELLENT SPIRITS.. ALL WAS WELL IN BOVINITY, AND SHE WAS VERY EXCITED ABOUT THE CHURCH.
..GOT SOME CHICKEN WINGS IN THE ICE BOX HONEY, JUST LIKE YOU LIKE EM
I'M SO GLAD YOURE HERE!
THANK YOU GRANDMA. ..WE LOVE YOU
HOW DO I LOOK?
FABULOUS
OUR LITTLE SERVICE IS GONNA BE ON T.V.!
T.V.?
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER THE BEAUTIFUL...
GRANDMA, IT'S BEAUTIFUL...
WHO'S PREACHING THIS MORNING?
OH MY GOD, IT'S BOB JR.
UH-OH.
IT WAS BOB JR. HE GAVE A STIRRING SERMON...

The End


I HAD A DREAM LAST NITE
by A. (deep thinking) KOMINSKY-CRUMB
WHAT DID IT MEAN?
I WAS WITH A RICH SNOOTY FRIEND AT AN ASSEMBLY IN A POSH PRIVATE SCHOOL.
THIS IS A FINE SCHOOL ... I'VE JUST ENROLLED MY SON EDWARD FOR THE FALL SEMESTER
THAT'S TERRIFIC!
I THINK I'LL GO GET SOME CAWFEE
I WANTED TO TALK TO THE HEADMASTER.
OH HI SIR, YA KNOW I WENT HERE YEARS AGO + THEN I WENT TO COLLEGE... BUT I JUST FOUND OUT THAT I NEVER REALLY FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL...AN!. AN....
WELL...YES THAT'S VERY INTERESTING
WILL YOU EXCUSE ME PLEASE...!
ON MY WAY BACK TO MY SEAT I SPILLED MY COFFEE..
OH I'M TERRIBLY SORRY... IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...I MUSTA LOST MY BALANCE.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY... IT'LL BE JUST FINE....
WELL SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN IT.
I'LL GIVE YOU MY ADDRESS...SEND ME THE DRY CLEANING BILL
SCUZE ME CAN I GET BY PLEASE?
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG... THE POETRY READING'S JUST ABOUT TO START?
I HAD A SLIGHT MISHAP!
THAT'S UNFORTUNATE
WELL ITS NOT THE END O' THE WORLD!


PART 2 OF MY DREAM:
I WAS AT A PARTY IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD... IT WAS AT A HOUSE-WARMING PARTY...
LET'S CHECK THE WEBER
THE ARCHITECT IS REALLY A GENIUS
JUST LOVE THE TURRETS!
I'M EDITING A MAGAZINE CALLED WEIRDO
SEE THESE GAWGEOUS BOOTS!! I GOT THEM IN EXCHANGE FOR SEX!!
CHICKENS DONE!
SUDDENLY I WAS IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR WITH TWO COUPLES.
IF YOU EVER DO ANYTHING LIKE SHE DID... I'LL KILL YOU!!
THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO SWEETHEART!
UH OH!
THE WOMEN DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
I WAS REALLY SWEATING IT AND THEN MY CLOTHES DISAPPEARED
THE CAR STOPPED... I GOT OUT.. I WAS NAKED EXCEPT FOR MY BOOTS.
UPTIGHT JERKS!
I JUST STARTED WALKING HOME
Boy, I'M RELIEVED TO BE OUTA THERE!
I FELT ALLRIGHT... CALM.... IT WAS WARM OUT & I DIDN'T CARE...
END.

LAST GASP ?
MR. SNOID
WEIRDO
MICKEY

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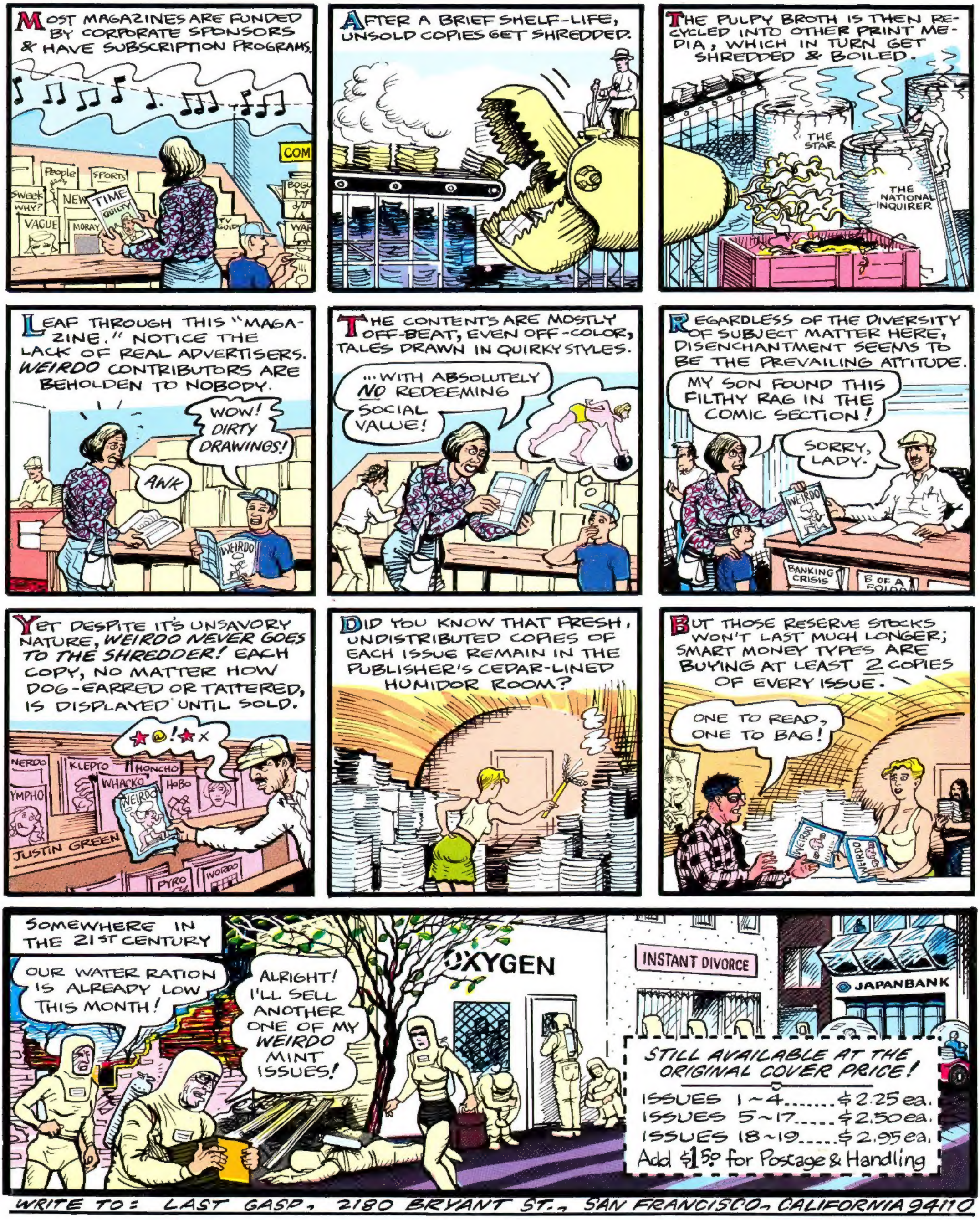
"WEIRDO", "MR. SNOID", "COUCH POTATOES", "COUCH TOMATOES", "WONDER WART-HOG", "LIFE IN HELL", "J.R. 'BOB' DOBBS", "ZIPPY", OH, AND *OODLES* MORE! SEND ONE DOLLAR FOR CATALOG TO:

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 94110

The WEIRDO Difference!


MOST MAGAZINES ARE FUNDED BY CORPORATE SPONSORS & HAVE SUBSCRIPTION PROGRAMS.
People
SPORTS
TIME
GUILTY
Week WHY?
NEW
VAGUE
MORAY
TV GUIDE
COM
BOGU
WAR
AFTER A BRIEF SHELF-LIFE, UNSOLD COPIES GET SHREDDED.
THE PULPY BROTH IS THEN RECYCLED INTO OTHER PRINT MEDIA, WHICH IN TURN GET SHREDDED & BOILED.
THE STAR
THE NATIONAL INQUIRER
LEAF THROUGH THIS "MAGAZINE." NOTICE THE LACK OF REAL ADVERTISERS. WEIRDO CONTRIBUTORS ARE BEHOLDEN TO NOBODY.
WOW! DIRTY DRAWINGS!
AWK
WEIRDO
THE CONTENTS ARE MOSTLY OFF-BEAT, EVEN OFF-COLOR, TALES DRAWN IN QUIRKY STYLES.
...WITH ABSOLUTELY NO REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE!
REGARDLESS OF THE DIVERSITY OF SUBJECT MATTER HERE, DISENCHANTMENT SEEMS TO BE THE PREVAILING ATTITUDE.
MY SON FOUND THIS FILTHY RAG IN THE COMIC SECTION!
SORRY, LADY.
WEIRDO
BANKING CRISIS
YET DESPITE IT'S UNSAVORY NATURE, WEIRDO NEVER GOES TO THE SHREDDER! EACH COPY, NO MATTER HOW DOG-EARRED OR TATTERED, IS DISPLAYED UNTIL SOLD.
★@!★x
NERDO
KLEPTO
HONCHO
WHACKO
WEIRDO
HOBO
YMPHO
JUSTIN GREEN
PYRO
WORDO
DID YOU KNOW THAT FRESH, UNDISTRIBUTED COPIES OF EACH ISSUE REMAIN IN THE PUBLISHER'S CEDAR-LINED HUMIDOR ROOM?
BUT THOSE RESERVE STOCKS WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER; SMART MONEY TYPES ARE BUYING AT LEAST 2 COPIES OF EVERY ISSUE.
ONE TO READ, ONE TO BAG!
WEIRDO
WEIRDO
SOMEWHERE IN THE 21ST CENTURY
OUR WATER RATION IS ALREADY LOW THIS MONTH!
ALRIGHT! I'LL SELL ANOTHER ONE OF MY WEIRDO MINT ISSUES!
OXYGEN
INSTANT DIVORCE
JAPANBANK

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